



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out."—Job xxix. 12, 16.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 3. NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

Whole No. 639.

## Advocate and Guardian.

EDITED BY MRS. SARAH R. I. BENNETT.

Published, Semi-Monthly,  
BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE  
*American Female Guardian Society,*

AT THE  
*House of Industry and Home for the Friendless,*  
29 East 29th Street, and 32 East 30th Street, New York.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to avoid mistakes in respect to our letters, received by mail, we earnestly request that hereafter all letters on business of the Society may be addressed thus:

MRS. SARAH A. STONE,  
No. 29 East 29th Street,  
Box 4740. NEW YORK.

Please be particular to place the above box number on all letters.

For Terms, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

### THE BIBLE.

SHEET anchor of hope on Time's troubled sea,  
A compass to guide us where storms shall not be,  
A chart ever true that cannot mislead,  
Well-fraught with safe counsels whatever the need.

Dear country! imperilled, O, turn to it now,  
And to its Great Author allegiance avow,  
Repent past neglect of the Sovereign of all,  
Give heed to His precepts, O list' to His call.

"Search the Scriptures" of truth, in each heart be  
the cry,

"O, lead to the Rock that is higher than I,"  
Here learn by His dealings with Israel of old  
The lessons His Spirit will surely unfold.

Go break every yoke, the oppressed to set free,  
Laws, uttered from Sinai, no more disobey,  
Drive out from His temples the changers of self,  
And live for some object more noble than self.

While war stalks abroad and ye know not the end,  
O, study the Word of an Infinite Friend,  
'Twill all be made good, not a tittle shall fail,  
And right over wrong, He hath said shall prevail.

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For the Advocate and Guardian.

### MY TALK WITH AUNT DEBBY.

BY KATE CAMERON.

Do you know Aunt Debby, kind reader? Unless you live in the little village of Mossville, I presume you will reply in the negative, and I must say that you have lost a great deal in not including this excellent and devoted woman in the circle of your acquaintance. In her case, old age is beautified and consecrated by the warm and loving nature which all the frosts of life's winter-time could not chill. Her active, unselfish benevolence is proverbial among the villagers who have regarded her as a pattern of all Christian graces for many years. In sickness and in sorrow, her counsel and sympathy are always invoked, and never in vain.

I have long been in the habit of going to her for advice in any perplexity or doubt; and so, one day last week, when I had been deeply interested in the perusal of the *Advocate and Guardian*, I thought I would make Aunt Debby a call, and ask her if she could not suggest some plan by which the interests of the Institution which I knew she loved as well as I, might be promoted. I found her in the sunny, south room of her daughter's cottage-home. She sat in the easy chair by the window, busily knitting, she did not rise to greet me, nor did I expect it, for she has long been a cripple, but she grasped my hand warmly, and bade me welcome with her gentle voice and beaming smile. She was knitting socks for the soldiers, she said, and then taking up a little red stocking from a basket near by, she added, "when I get tired of the coarse yarn and heavy needles, I rest myself knitting these stockings for the poor children at the Home, and Susie yonder, (pointing to her little grand-daughter,) is piecing a crib-quilt for them; her mother will make it up, and we mean by-and-by to send a box to New York."

"That is just what I came to see you for, Aunt Debby; I feel so anxious to be doing something for that Home for the Friendless,

but you know my means are limited and all that I could give would be only as a drop in the ocean."

"Well! child," was her reply, "if it were not for drops of water, there would be no ocean at all, and just so soon as we say that because we can't do a great deal, we won't do anything, we are on the wrong track, and must turn back again. God will never hold us responsible for anything beyond our ability. We must remember the parable of the talents, and be careful that we do not keep ours wrapped up in a napkin."

"I know all that, Aunt Debby, and am willing and anxious to do all in my power, but I want everybody else to do the same, and how can I influence the great world beyond my reach?"

"You can write to Mrs. Bennett, and ask her to give your ideas to the many readers of the *Advocate and Guardian*, and this is the plan which seems to me a good one. Let every woman and girl who reads the paper, pledge herself to send, this year, some article of her own manufacture to the Home for the Friendless. Some will make garments which can be worn by the inmates, and others fancy articles to be sold for the benefit of the Institution. And if each man would contribute one dollar, that would make quite an item, for I don't suppose that all the readers of the paper are ladies, by any means. This plan, if faithfully executed, would, in addition to all other sources of revenue, (with which it must not interfere,) yield sufficient for the necessities of the year."

"Thank you, Aunt Debby, I like that arrangement much. It has troubled me for several days to devise some way for lightening the burdens of those who have so nobly devoted themselves to this great work. I know that at present all hearts and hands are busied in providing for the wants of our soldiers, and I fear there are not many who combine their efforts for both, as you do, Aunt Debby."

"Well, dear! I'm growing old, you know, and I must work while the day lasts, and I do it all from love to Him who went about do-



ing good, and who did not consider even a cup of cold water as beneath His blessing."

A calm and holy smile lighted up her placid face, and I bade her good-by, resolving to give you the benefit of my talk with Aunt Debby.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### SAD NEWS.

"MISTHER Grant! the news of Capt. Holland's death has come to-day, in the Orion, and the master wishes, would you just step up and break it softly to the family?"

Pat stood, hat in hand, while he delivered his message.

"How can I go?" I ejaculated, throwing myself on the sofa.

"What an errand! to tell that lovely young wife, full of hope and joy, that she is a widow, to call those happy children orphans and that old mother, childless! These are terrible truths to bring to a quiet family." "But," suggested my wife, "It is the call of Providence, and the news will reach them in a much more sudden and distressing manner, if you do not go." So I roused myself and put on my overcoat, as it was a cold December night and I had some distance to walk.

When I reached the gate leading to the house, I leaned over it to rest, and looked sadly toward the shining windows. The leafless trees stood like sentinels along the avenue, guarding the home of innocence and peace. All that wealth could do to render it inviting had been done by my friend, that in his absence at sea, his family could be comfortable and happy. I could hear the pleasant notes of the piano, touched by the skillful fingers of the wife, and the merry voices of the children as they sung, "Homeward bound." Ah! I thought, bound to another home, even a heavenly.

I entered, to meet the cordial welcome of the household. The warm atmosphere formed a cheerful contrast to the cold without and my bitter reflections. Grandma was knitting mittens for the soldiers, and little Mary showed me the socks she had just finished for some grenadier of the army. Then supper was announced and the tea would "certainly do me good, for it was true 'gunpowder' that the Captain brought from Canton on the last voyage." I was rallied on a loss of appetite, and every moment my load was heavier and the news harder to tell. Every time the door-bell rang, I started, fearing some one would enter and disclose in a sudden manner the dreary tale. At last I ventured to ask the wife when she had heard from her husband. "About three months ago and he was surely near home now, he had promised to be home by Christmas," and, "Oh! the presents," cried Willie, clapping his hands in glee. I could bear it no longer, and sitting down by them, I cried, "My dear friends, I have not come to bring joy to your household, I have no good news for you!" Oh! what a change passed over that face, she clasp-

ed her hands, and sat silent and expectant. The old mother uttered a cry and tottered to my side. "Is my son dead?" she asked. My look was enough. What a sound of lamentations rose from that group. Wealth, riches, pleasure—what could they avail in this house of grief? It was long ere I could relate the particulars or before the voice of prayer could calm their troubled hearts. It is a comfort when we can hear the farewell words and catch the last look, and put the summer roses over the sleeper, and lay him in the last narrow home; but to die away from kindred and friends, to breathe out life in the confined cabin, and then be plunged into a watery grave. Oh! how many such a sad end has been met by the brave sons of old ocean, who left this port in gallant ships.

The Irishman drove me home that night, and he said, as we rode along, "Ah! but it's me you might pity, not yonder great folks, with plenty of money in the bank. When my Jamie lay dead, and I had not a cent to bury him with, and the priest in the old country would not bury him on consecrated ground without the silver, and the heart of me wife nigh breaking."

Every man has his sorrows "with which a stranger intermeddleth not," but as the well-known voices at my own fire-side cheered me that night, I remembered the children of grief, and our prayers ascended for the storm-tossed sailor upon the deep.

#### PRAYER FOR THE SOLDIERS.

"CHRISTIAN reader, you have tried the efficacy of prayer in the day of trouble. After long years of prosperity, the judgments of God have fallen upon our nation. We are in the midst of the horrors of civil war. Everything dear to the American heart is in peril. In response to the call of the government, the treasures of the nation have been laid at its feet; and at least six hundred thousand fathers, sons and brothers have left their peaceful avocations, to endure, and dare, and die for their country. Daily the lifeless forms of some, fallen in battle, are carried through our streets to the place of interment. Others, with shattered limbs, or sick with disease incurred in camp or field, fill our hospitals. And others still, not less the objects of sympathy, pine as prisoners in the custody of the rebel foe. Yet these are but a remnant—the multitudes die on the field or in the camp. But the thinned ranks are soon replenished. From the church, the Sabbath-school, the family circle, our consecrated sons go forth to swell the numbers of the Northern army. They go to protect our homes, our altars, and our free institutions. We have trained ourselves and them for the sacrifice. But let us remember the perils to which they are exposed. We send these brave young men to meet death in all its horrid forms upon the field of battle, to languish and die in hospitals, unblessed with a father's counsel, a mother's care, or sister's

love. We send them from the sacred influence of home and all the ordinary means of grace. We expose them to untried temptations, which, without the grace of God, are irresistible. Oh, let the voice of prayer be lifted up for our soldiers! Let agony of soul be awakened in their behalf!

Our Saviour, to whom we have consecrated our sons, is the Lord of hosts. He will not be weary of our importunity; but, as we bathe His feet with tears of penitence, He will, in answer to our prayer, breathe upon our young men, and make our armies a consecrated host. If the people of God will begin and carry forward this work of prayer, the Spirit of God will fill the hearts of our chaplains, endow with courage the religious officers and privates, and the present winter shall witness most glorious revivals of religion.

We predict this with confidence. The Spirit of God, through the instrumentality of the Tract, the kind exhortation, and the earnest prayer, is already impressing the truth upon the hearts of men in camp. Though absent from the family altar, and from the counsels of wife, or sister, or mother, they are still present with One who will save them in answer to "the prayer of faith." A letter just received, contains the following encouragement:

"Moreover we are having good prayer-meetings every night in camp, and conversions are taking place daily among the soldiers."—*Ch. Press.*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### LITTLE MERCIES AND LITTLE TROUBLES.

Few lives are marked by great or thrilling events. In each existence there are few stirring experiences. The little child is welcomed to the family circle—adds its mite of happiness to the general fund—grows so gradually that those who are constantly with it always think of it as "the little one," until at last maturity is reached, and from the cradle the time has generally passed without anything marked to tell the progress of the years.

Then, perhaps the old home is left. The outer world, with its pleasures and excitements, first lures, then perhaps for a time satisfies, but finally satiates. Then, perchance, a new home, with its quiet, domestic pleasures, is found. Old ties, as the years creep on, may become strengthened, and old friends be unforgotten. New ties are added, and new friends are found. Around another hearth-stone little feet patter and make glad with little joyous voices. The child but a few short years ago, is now a father. Loved ones look to him for happiness, and loved ones reflect the joy they receive. How gently, how quietly have glided the years that have made the babe a man. By-and-by the raven locks begin to whiten for the harvest. One by one, they come so stealthily, so hidingly, he sees them not, and says the spring-time has not yet passed. The bright day-light shows an occasional furrow of age, but he heeds it not. The



bent form, weakened, less firm and steady step, warn of decay and dissolution, but the years have passed so gently, he cannot realize that so many have gone and he is growing old. Presently the grave yawns. Quietly he sinks into its embrace, and the life on earth is ended. No great or stirring experience has marked its course. No overwhelming act of mercy has come from the Hand that gave, watched over, and took the life. No unbearable avalanche of trouble has fallen upon it with almost crushing force to render it immortal. Peacefully, quietly, gently it has passed, unmarked, unknown, save, perhaps, to the few whose being was one with it. Such are nearly all of our lives. Yet, to the humblest how many little mercies have brightened, how many little troubles have darkened each day and every hour of the human existence. Unfelt, unheeded, they have come, minute by minute, with every pulse-beat, with every breath. God, the Giver of life, mixes the draught. His heart of love would prompt Him to place in the cup only ingredients that would please the taste, and give happiness without a sigh. Hence He gives us this beautiful world, itself only a vestibule to a better, as our brief abiding-place on our journey thither. He has laid its emerald carpeting, He has hung its azure curtains, He has adorned it with delicate flowers, filled it with the melody of birds, and the murmurings of gentle brooks and the whisperings of the evening breezes, as so many tokens of Fatherly love. Every breath of life, every moment that makes the years, every night of rest to "the beloved," every morsel of food and every article of raiment are from the same full Hand. So are the friends that are ours. In the father, who is the head of home, in the mother, who is its heart and light and joy, in the dear ones whom we may call brother and sister, and in the dearer ones whose lives are more closely knit to our own, may we see, if we will, living, moving, loving mercies. Yes, life itself, and all that forms it, and all of the future to which it leads, are all great, abounding, undeserved mercies. Do we receive them as such?

The little flower holds up its tiny head for the dews of heaven and then blooms more beautifully, and breathes more fragrantly, as if full of gratitude to the Giver of the dew. The little bird trills its sweetest melodies in the sunshine, as if its heart was bursting with love to God for light and song. Do we accept the multiplied mercies of a life-time as thankfully? God, in His omniscience, sometimes sees that the cup of mortal sweets will injure the child. He would give eternal life, and then kindly, but, oh, how unwillingly places therein the bitter, strengthening drug. Like the little child, whose wise, yet tender parent must sometimes use the chastening rod in order to bring it to perfect manhood, do we not then sometimes become rebellious, forgetful of all the love-light in one single frown, unmindful that the All-Father is only giving us discipline to make us "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

The mother loves her child. Every act of punishment recoils, and inflicts a deeper wound upon her heart than upon the little offender. Infinitely more does God love us. Infinitely more trying to Him, then, must be the chastening by which He would prepare us for our home. See Him in the united human and divine, yearning, weeping over fallen Jerusalem. Hear Him pityingly lament her sins and wanderings, and with all of the intensity of His perfect affection, longing to bring her from her wickedness. Then see Him, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," stooping from His throne, and grieving over us as prodigal, wilful children. Striving to lure us homeward by never-ceasing mercies, and when these fail, using the little trials, that He may wean us from where they may give trouble and sorrow, He takes us where they cannot reach us. Shall we then, as we recognize a Hand of love in trouble, as well as mercy, allow one little chafing or annoyance to swallow up joys without number? Shall we permit, then, as we sometimes do, a cloud of an hour, to obscure weeks of sunshine? Rather let us, as children more worthy of the loving Father, count the mercies when He sees fit to gild our lives with them, but love Him none the less, but nestle closer in His bosom, when He sends the little thorn to teach us that earthly roses bloom to fade, and joyously, even through tears, accept the thornless roses of heavenly and perennial growth. o.

CONSECRATION—"GIVE ME THY HEART."

HERE'S my heart, to God I give it,  
Voice and tongue to praise His name;  
I have life—to Him I live it,  
Hands—to Him devote the same.  
I've a field—to sow and reap it,  
And must reap whate'er it grows;  
I've a paradise—I'll keep it,  
For it blossoms as the rose.

I've a conscience; thus protected,  
Worth a throne and diadem;  
I've a mansion, well selected  
In the New Jerusalem.

Hence I have, in this connection,  
Thus prepared, I have a home;  
Such a home that my affection  
Does not, will not, cannot roam.

I have feet; with God they're walking,  
For with gospel peace they're shod;  
Most familiarly I'm talking,  
As I take my walk with God.  
I have thought the greatest pleasure  
Which the universe can sing;  
There is no material treasure  
Which can such possessions bring.

I have ears to hear the story  
Men and angels love to tell;  
Eyes to see the rising glory,  
Which shall Zion's triumph swell.  
I have prayer—to God I make it,  
While mine eye His throne surveys;  
I've a golden harp, I'll wake it  
To a song of endless praise.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Bible.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF AN OFFICER  
IN THE FLEET AT PORT ROYAL.

OUR servant girl, Silla, formerly a slave of Esq. —, wishes me to bring her to the North, and be her friend, so that she may never go back into slavery. She says the rich folks in South Carolina are not doing the fighting, but the poor and middle classes, and that there were many carried into camp, manacled, and made to swear allegiance to the Confederacy, or go to the guard-house, wearing the "ball and chain." She says she has heard many say, they would not fight, but be shot first—they had nothing to gain or lose by it, and preferred that the owners of property should do their own fighting. And these words of hers are confirmed by many others. It is truly heart-rending to hear a poor girl like her say, that all the rich people remained at home for, was to drive and whip her and her companions in slavery.

To-day more slaves came rushing into the fort, saying that their people were being murdered by the rebels, because that they—the slaves—did not choose to go back into slavery with them. Oh, how long shall this thing be? If ever I had one little sympathy for the South, it is all gone now. And the slave has my heart and right arm. Our people are not enough awake to the sense of their duty to the poor slave in bondage. Why, if I were in Charlestown now, the scenes of death and havoc of those in bonds, to which I have been witness of late, "would stir a fever in me," and Heaven would lend me eloquence of tongue, and fire of soul, to urge every one of our citizens to make one gigantic effort to blot out forever the word Slave, that Liberty might march as freely over the Southern soil, as "love of home" pervades New England.

Wake up, ye neither hot nor cold Christians and hear the prayer of a poor old slave, as I hear it every night, mingled with psalms of joy and rejoicing, because God has heard the prayers of the slaves. To-night a poor negro led their meeting, in the house used for their quarters, and prayed earnestly, that as God had blessed thus far, and led them to a place of safety, He would bring in more of their brothers now in bondage. I assure you it touched my poor heart, and more than one pair of eyes were wet to hear him plead so fervently. Those who went out of curiosity, came back weeping—and thank God, there were officers and men together, not ashamed to be seen in tears, for their hearts were tender. We wept on board ship, when we saw the stars and stripes floating on the soil of South Carolina—we wept to see even the first good proceeding from a course of honor and of justice. How the poor slave brought out our sympathies for our Rebel brothers, when, "he prayed de Lord to forgib he poor massa, who thought he do right. Oh, de Lord open de eye ob our dear massas, and show dem we ceptable wid God. Oh, forgib dem, for dey not know."

When about seven miles up, on the Island, the other day, I went at night into the top of



a shed used for packing cotton, and found some dozen or more negroes. By the dim light of a candle, I groped my way into their midst, and saw a sight which would have melted a harder heart than mine. A woman was sitting upon a bench, and before her was kneeling a little black boy, not over five years old. With her hand upon his head, she was teaching him to pray—he repeating the words after her, as well as he could. When they finished, I said, "My good woman, do you love Jesus?" "I do, massa." I shook hands with them all, and felt they were more true to the profession they made, than I was. I asked them if they would like me to pray with them, and they were joyful. I knelt and tried, through my tears and sobbings, and their "amens," and "de Lord bless you, massa," to pray for myself and them. I hope I am better for that scene, the remembrance of which will never leave me. I believe many of them have pure and undefiled religion. I am growing more and more to see the true realities of life, and to feel that there is nothing out of the religion of Jesus Christ which is safe to lean upon and feel at ease.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### "THESE HARD TIMES."

"We need something to keep the spirits up, these hard times," was the remark of a gentleman who, in company with some others, had started on an excursion for the purpose of recreation and to attend some public exhibition. I thought within myself that in these "hard times" God hath a purpose which it would be well for man to inquire into. Not in the indulgence of the sensual appetite wherein there is danger of losing sight of the noble purpose of God in the creation of man. But in humility and in the fear of the Lord, attended with self-sacrifice befitting these "hard times." In this way, when the judgments of the Lord are in the earth, the inhabitants would learn righteousness; heeding the injunction of sacred writ, "break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor." For thus saith the Lord, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh." How would an observance of these things in a Christian community, making profession of the religion of Jesus Christ, tend to remove vain pastimes and recreation wherein money is spent for that which is not bread and labor for that which satisfieth not. How would such a preparation for the peaceful reign of the Messiah be blessed by Him. That instead of the desolating scourge of war, peace and plenty from Him whose eyes are over the righteous, and whose ear is open to

their cry. "Who crownedst the year with His goodness and whose paths drop fatness."

In response to your call for aid I enclose one dollar, hoping that a sufficient number of mites may be contributed to enable you to accomplish much good.

Your well-wishing friend, who feels a prayerful interest in the truly-Christian work in which you are engaged.

N. Dartmouth, Mass., 29th of 11th Mo., 1861.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### GRANDMOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

"IN the midst of tears watch for answers to prayer."

If we notice the small and numerous providences of God toward us, we will believe the more thoroughly that the very hairs of our head are all numbered. The more we pray, the less trouble we have in believing the promises, and it is easy to believe, while we are honest toward God, in doing as He commands. Obedience is the hand-maid of faith. Saying and doing must agree in doctrine and practice.

Our motives may be pure, when our manners are very imperfect; thus, we may be secretly pleasing in the sight of God, yet not acceptable in the sight of men. But it is our privilege to ask for grace to be pleasing, or be enabled so to exhibit the grace that rules and governs our hearts, that it may attract others to the same source whence our blessings flow.

There is no virtue in gloomy, morose habits, feelings or actions. If we have real cause of sadness, and cannot for a time, get the victory over it, let us keep it as much as possible within our own breast—in confidence with Christ about it, we mean.

The really benevolent, unselfish mind, is pained, if obliged to cast a shade of sadness over glad hearts by a participation of their sorrow. One who thought she had a life-time trouble, felt a secret pleasure in the resolution that she would keep it to herself, and grieve no one else with its sympathy.

The pressed plant throws out its perfume; just so the stricken heart lets out its sympathies. We feel in proportion as we have felt, they who drink the cup, know the bitterness of the taste. Ideal sympathy is not worth much, it is ignorant of experience. One of the comforts of affliction is, that we learn how to feel for those in similar trials and like necessities—for there are many, many, whom we know not, are in the very same difficulty, pain or suffering, that we groan beneath. We know one who is in the habit of praying for those who are now exercised in the troubles through which she has passed; and when a temptation comes, desires that others may not fall through one of the same kind. This is bearing one another's burdens. More who have been so sheltered from the rude blasts of the world, and know not its searching power, which cuts into the heart, may pity, but they do not get into the sanctuary, to bind up the bleeding wound. A look, an act, a word, from one who knows the like

trial, touches a chord which vibrates instantly through the soul, and is much akin to Divine compassion.

Looking up helps us upwards, while looking down keeps us groveling. Looking away from ourselves, and up to Jesus, begets His likeness in us—people grow alike animated by the same thoughts, feelings and purposes. Just so the Divine companionship assimilates us to the Divine nature.

The promises were made to us, in view of all our times of need—all the necessities and particulars of our life were known to Him who said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Love is not strong, that will not bear the test of adversity, so, when we are chastened, it is for our profit, and not His pleasure who exercises the rod upon us. We foolishly magnify the day of sorrow into an age, and so shut ourselves up in gloom, that the daylight of providence cannot enter, until we are almost dazzled with its brightness. "All these things are against me," cried the disconsolate Jacob, and yet the wagons were at the door to take him to his beloved Joseph. "In the midst of tears, watch for answers to prayer." Y.

#### HOME FOR FEMALE SERVANTS AND NURSES IN BERLIN.

On the 27th of September last, the seventh anniversary of this useful Institution took place. It owes its existence to the labors of Dr. Fliedner, of Kaiserswerth, and, as its name indicates, is intended for the protection as well as for the instruction of a very generally neglected class of the community. The establishment is under the direction of the deaconesses of Kaiserswerth, (Protestant sisters of charity.) Only young women who can present a letter of recommendation are admitted. They pay about five cents (two silver groschen) a day, and are taught cooking, sewing, washing, ironing, etc. Christian instruction and singing lessons are also given regularly several times a week. The experience of seven years has shown how much good may be effected by such an institution. 1832 young women have passed through the Home since its commencement. During the past year 392 have been received, 21 of whom spent only a night there, 105 a week, 91 a fortnight, 135 one month, 38 three months, 6 six months, and 3 a year. The number of beds is 50, but there have sometimes been 59 lodgers. The number of applications for servants addressed to the Home during the past year is 1030. During the year, 261 servants of good character have obtained places, 50 of a less worthy character have found situations for themselves, 17 have returned to their families, and 9 have been sent away as incorrigible. When they have quitted the Institution the young women keep up friendly relations with one another and with the deaconesses. The latter visit them from time to time, and invite them to the large and beautiful garden belonging to



the Home on Sunday afternoons. 1010 visits of this kind have been paid during the year. In winter a comfortable room in the centre of the city is placed at the disposal of those who have been in the Home. A portion of the establishment consists of an Infant School. It is here that nurses are trained. They are shown how to attend to children, and are also taught little hymns, poems, and stories, with a view of doing away with low songs and tales with which nurses are wont to fill children's minds. There have been forty pupils in this part of the establishment during the past year. In order to make the institution known to the class of persons for whom it is intended, advertisements are put up at all the railway stations within a circuit of forty leagues around Berlin. Similar institutions have been formed at Cologne, Bonn, Coblenz, Wiesbaden, Munich, Amsterdam, Berne, Basle, and Strasbourg.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

**"OUT IN THE WOODS A DREAMING."**

Drop the curtains, Biddy, and wheel around the great easy chair, now stir the fire, and light the gas. There, that will do. This looks like comfort. Ugh! how the wind roars, and the great blinding snow-flakes whirl hither and thither like dancing fairies.

Belated business-men hurry past toward the home-fires, boy-voices are hushed, and sleds and skates are laid away for the time. Old Boreas has full sweep to-night.

But what does it matter. Just before me hangs a soft, bright autumn landscape, a never-failing source of delight. It might not be called a fine painting by a connoisseur, for it certainly is not the work of a Cropsy, or Perkins, or Durand; no, no, it may be that of some ambitious sign-painter, for aught that I know. Its chief merit is its truthfulness as a picture. It takes one away from disagreeable scenes, to a cosy spot so quiet and retired, it seems a fit place for rest and peace.

There's a quaint little cottage nestled down among and almost hidden by graceful foliage. A clear, silver stream, dotted with sails, flows past and hides itself among the distant hills. Beyond lie dim old woods just tinged with autumn's glory, so grand and beautiful in their majestic proportions, and rich depth of coloring; you almost fancy you can see the soft breeze swaying the slender branches, and hear delicious bird-notes "in their leafy halls."

Along the distant hills the hazy Indian summer mist lies like a veil, disclosing just enough beauty to make one long for a break-neck leap across the water to their emerald heights. Then the blue sky, flecked with silver clouds, and the mellow sunshine, make up a scene of rare beauty, a spot one never tires of. So again and again I wander in the shadowy woods, following narrow paths and resting in mossy dells, now gathering dainty little bouquets, then wandering off in search of checkerberries or hazel-nuts.

Now a mossy log invites, and I sit down to

arrange my treasures, and fall to dreaming. Childish days come back again, and I'm as gay and light-hearted as the birds once more. Fathers, mothers, and all the dear ones are in the old home by the river-side. No dark shadows have fallen upon the hearth-stone, not one link in love's chain broken. The dear little brother, whose hands were long ago folded away to rest, is frolicking with the old house-dog by the kitchen fire. And the sister, so loved, that we can never cease grieving for her loss, is there in all her early beauty, the roses as fresh upon her cheek as when we wandered arm-in-arm through just such scenes, and built airy castles of future bliss. Oh! how like that Indian summer's day life seemed to us then; its cares, responsibilities and trials, were only as dim clouds in the distance, measured by our hopes; the future all lay in the sunlight. The marts of traffic, and the homes of men in yonder city, all seemed as fair and glittering as our dreams of paradise.

Reared in seclusion, with the bloom of youth still fresh upon our hearts, what could we know of the hollowness, insincerity and misery of the great world. It's true the sad truth dawned upon us all too soon, we saw our bright plans fail and our hopes fade like the summer twilight; but they seemed fair then, and it's pleasant to get faint glimpses of departed joys, and to feel that we "have been blessed." So we linger until the fire burns low, and Biddy's stock of fresh coal dispels the illusion, but not the sweet, holy influences it brought.

Blessings upon the hand that has garnered such a world of sunshine to gladden the dark hours. I only wish every home had as much to brighten it, with hearts to appreciate its quiet beauty, life would lose many of its dark shades. There is something refining and elevating about pictures that does the heart good, we gaze at their sunny faces until our own wears a more genial look, and the ice of selfishness that has gathered about us is all thawed.

It has always seemed to me that our surroundings affect our daily life more than we are aware of. Coarseness begets coarseness, and cheerfulness, cheerfulness again. So a barren, desolate home begets a like feeling in the heart, and we grow hard and cold.

Then cultivate a taste for the beautiful, ye who would do good, and get good, and when the winter of life closes in upon us, we shall have a store of pleasant pictures in memory's halls, to wile away the dark hours. Then let the storms rage as they will, we can still be "out in the woods a dreaming." EULALIE.

**SUBDUE YOUR CHILD'S WILL.**

How seldom do we see a person, whose self-will was not restrained in childhood, becoming a Christian! "A child left to himself," not only "bringeth his mother to shame," but almost surely brings ruin upon himself. The parent who neglects, with love and firmness, to subdue his child, in the language of the wise man, "hateth his own son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

The son of pious, but too indulgent parents, left home and ran into evil courses. His father and mother were almost heart-broken, but wrote continually letters overflowing with affection and earnest entreaties to leave his sinful ways.

A friend was in his room when one of these home-letters came. He read it seriously, and evidently with a troubled conscience; then sat a few moments lost in thought, when suddenly rising he dashed the letter into the fire exclaiming, "There! let them warn, write letters, pray and whine; it is of no use. A good whipping, well laid on, ten years ago, would have done more to save me."

Submission to parental authority is a preparative for submission to God's will, while continual self-indulgence fosters the evil passions of the heart, and strengthens its natural enmity to God.

The mother of a little girl, who was always delicate, and subject to fits on any excitement, was told by physicians to keep her as quiet as possible, and never let her be crossed. But instead of producing the desired effect, this course made her peevish, irritable and stubborn. After making it a subject of earnest prayer, the mother decided to govern her as she did the other children. Taking the little one upon her knee, she told her of the error of the course she had pursued, and that henceforth she must obey or be punished.

Presently some duty was required, but the child paid no heed to it. Punishment followed, but still the little will held out. It was repeated, with no better success. Again was the trial made, the mother's heart crying to God for strength and guidance. At last the little offender was completely subdued, and became a most obedient, loving child. Once at midnight she waked her mother with the entreaty, "Oh, mamma, pray for me; I am such a great sinner!" It was not long before she gave good evidence that she was "born again." That mother lived to hear her say, with pallid lips, "I thank you, mamma, for punishing me that day. If you had not, I should have died in my sins, and gone to hell; but now I feel that my sins are forgiven, and I am going to Jesus."

Parent! will you not heed the lesson? But never punish a child when you can not at the same time pray for God to bless the chastisement. A punishment given in anger will do more harm than good.—*American Messenger.*

**SOME OF THE RESULTS OF MISSIONARY LABOR.**

At the Liverpool Missionary Conference, Rev. J. B. Whiting, a Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, said it had been his duty to gather some statistics, showing the success of missionary labor. The following are extracts from his published statements:

He found that the Bible had been translated during the last sixty years, into upwards of one hundred languages. There were 100,000 professing Christians in New Zealand; 100,000 in Burmah and Pegu; 112,000 Protestant



Christians in India; 5,000 or 6,000 in Mesopotamia; 250,000 in Africa; 40,000 in America; and 250,000 in the islands of the Pacific; There were Christians in China, Madagascar, Mauritius, and many other parts of the world. There were 200,000 or 300,000 negroes under the care of Christian pastors in the West Indies. There are more than a million and a quarter living Christians who but for the labor of the missionaries, would all have remained idolaters. They must remember also the hundreds of thousands who are now sleeping in their graves around the mission churches; and how many had gone to their heavenly home from far distant recesses of heathendom who were never known to the missionaries, but who had learned from tracts, Bibles, and other means, of the salvation which is in Christ. Then again, the 1,600 missionaries who had gone forth from Europe and America, were now accompanied by more than 16,000 native ministers, religious catechists, Scripture readers and school-masters, who were evangelizing their own fatherlands.

CHINA AND BURMAH.—Only seventeen years ago, the various ports of China were open to Gospel teaching for the first time; and now we see in those parts no less than eighty Protestant missionaries, working for Christ. Already, in the course of those seventeen years, they have been permitted to gather into their churches some 1,400 communicants, and 3,000 Chinese Christians. We pass on to Burmah; and there we find, rejoicing in the light and liberty of the truth, 100,000 Karens, every one of whom, thirty years ago, was entirely ignorant of its very existence. They are meeting, like ourselves, on the Sabbath; working, like ourselves, for their ignorant brethren; supporting their pastors with the most active and self-denying zeal; contemplating the destitution of their heathen countrymen with compassion; and sending forth one and another of their brethren, with their lives in their hands, to preach Christ among the barbarous tribes still living in the mountains and the dense jungles of their own wide land.

AFRICA AND AFRICANS.—We go to Africa; and where, at the beginning of this century, the Hottentot and Fingee, and Kaffir were shot down without mercy, there we find a people 100,000 in number, saved from destruction, brought to Christ, and adorning the doctrine of the Saviour whom their fathers never knew. We go to the negro settlements in the West Indies, and how many thousands there have become Christians, redeemed, not only from the slavery of earth, but from the slavery of sin. They, who, only thirty years ago, were sold in the open market, have proved the most liberal supporters of the Gospel schemes that the modern church has known, and were the first converts to maintain ministers of their own.

ISLANDS OF THE SEA.—We go to one part of the earth where the missionaries followed the track of Captain Cook. Island after island,

tribe after tribe, have cast away their idols; and the children are growing up, like our own, entirely ignorant of the idols, the temples, and the cruel systems that were honored by their fathers. More than 200,000 Christians are now gathered into the Church of Christ, in those many islands, by the four great societies that have labored to convert them to God. These new converts, young in the faith, but active in zeal, are drawing on toward that position at which we all aim; their native churches are striving to provide for their own native ministers; and they are constantly sending men, drawn from their number, to be missionaries in the islands far to the West, that still lie in the darkness of cannibalism and heathenism.

## Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

### RUNNING THROUGH A BED OF NETTLES.

IN a large, well-trained family in the town of C. were two little brothers, warmly attached to each other, and loving their kind parents so much that they would rather suffer pain than to grieve them. On one or two occasions the elder of the two detected his brother in using words that he thought a breach of the third commandment. He reproved him for this great wrong, but still his conscience troubled him. He felt bound to report the offense to their father, which he knew would cause him sorrow, or himself devise a punishment that should ensure reformation. After some thought he said to his brother, "Now I must either tell our father, or you must agree to run, barefoot, through the bed of nettles in the meadow as a penalty for this offense, and promise to do the same every time it is repeated." After some talk between them the little brother decided to run through the nettles, and removing his shoes, on he rushed bravely, straight through the bed, and though screwing his face into wry shapes when he came out, said he would do it again, if this did not make him remember to overcome his bad habit. Nothing was said to the father, or to any one, and the two boys felt that together they were going to make a noble conquest, when suddenly the temptation was again victor, and the self-inflicted foot-dose of nettles had to be repeated. But this time it was effectual, for as the skin was scarcely healed the stings went deeper than before, and the remembrance of the smart was an antidote to the tempter.

Do I hear some young reader think aloud, "I wonder what should suggest such a remedy to those little brothers?" so do I. Perhaps they had learned in the Sunday-school some such texts as these, "Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right." "Sin is a reproach." And perhaps some good angel whispered in their hearts the words of Jesus, "If ye love me, ye

will keep my commandments." They took a severe remedy, but then wasn't it better for a boy to run through a bed of nettles than to be a swearer?

Wouldn't it be better for the soldiers in camp who are profane to run through all the nettles in Dixie-land than to keep on swearing? This wicked practice, like other bad habits, usually begins in boyhood, and a boy had better even suffer much pain to break them up in the beginning, than to become their slave, and through life wear their galling fetters. Dear boys, if you are ever tempted to get angry, to speak improper words, coarse, low, filthy, profane words, will you not think of the little boy who ran through the nettles, and see if you, too, cannot devise some way to be a victor. The last of the following anecdotes show how two great and good men have felt and acted.

AN American planter had a favorite domestic negro (an Uncle Tom,) who was bidden to stand opposite him, and to wait at table. Whenever his master took the name of God in vain (as he often did,) the old African made a low and solemn bow. On being asked why he did so, replied, "Massa, I can never hear that great name but it fills my whole soul with fear and trembling." The master was touched, and reformed.

General Washington, when Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, issued a special order of the day, calling on all ranks to abstain from it on pain of severe penalties; and he took care that these penalties were enforced.

It is interesting to know that when St. Paul's Cathedral was building, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, caused a printed notice to be affixed to the scaffolding, threatening with instant dismissal any workman guilty of swearing within those sacred precincts. \*\*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

### THE NEW BONNET.

"MOTHER! do get me a nice new bonnet,  
With plenty of cherry ribbon on it,  
'Tis all the fashion this winter weather;  
Drooping from it, a graceful feather.  
The girls have all come out in new,  
And I must, dear mother, have one too.  
Just look at this old worsted hood;  
And my cloak is all out of the mode.  
Oh! dear, I wish that a fairy bright  
Would put a purse in my sock to-night.  
But while I am wishing things so fine,  
What are you doing, dear mother mine,  
Sewing so busily, looking so sad,  
As if I'd been asking for something bad?"  
"I was thinking of this morn, my child,  
When I went down through the tempest wild  
To the lonely house by the dark old wood,  
Wrapped in my furs and cozy hood.  
'Twas there I witnessed a scene forlorn,  
For the rain came in where the glass was gone,  
Where the grandma sat so blind and old,  
And the children shivered in rags and cold.  
Ah! 'twas a sight for ladies' eyes  
To bring the tears in sad surprise.  
The baby in the cradle near,  
And on its cheek a plaintive tear,  
No soft, warm blanket wrapped it in  
But rags and coverlid so thin.  
So I thought of you, my Mary dear,  
And thanked our Father for His care;



And I've cut out dresses nice and warm  
To shield them from the winter storm,  
So take your little thimble, dear,  
And help me sew the poor to cheer."  
"Ah! mother, how silly my wishes have been,  
I'll be thankful for all and never repine."

I. A. G.

EYES AND NO EYES.

"MOTHER! why is it, that cousin Harry knows how to do everything; he is no older than I am, and yet he covers his own balls and makes his play-things, while I have to buy mine?"

"There is quite a difference between you boys, I admit," replied his mother, "I have noticed that Harry is always busy about something. He uses his eyes when he walks or rides, and is often at the founderies or work-shops inspecting all the machinery and asking civil questions of the workmen."

"But, mother! I never saw such a lucky boy, he is always finding something on the pavements. To be sure there is generally an owner for such things, but if a cent is lost Harry is sure to find one, and all his pencils and balls, and jack-knives." "It is not luck, my child, but attention. His eye is quick and keen. The other day when your aunt received her new sewing machine, the agent was there showing her how to use it. Harry kept creeping nearer and nearer, asking questions, and looking so much interested, that I was much amused. His mother said, 'Go away, my son; you are in the light, you are too inquisitive.' After the man had gone, your aunt tried to sew, but it all went wrong. The thread broke, she turned the wheel the other way, and snap went the needle. 'There,' she exclaimed 'I don't believe I shall ever learn, what is to be done now?' Harry went up to his mother and said, 'I can fix it; indeed I can.' 'No,' she said, 'you will only make it worse.' 'But I looked, mother, at the agent all the time; I know I can set a new needle,' and he went to work and before long the machine was in order again. He has helped her wonderfully since, when she has been in difficulty, and all because he used his eyes at the right time."

"I think he is very obliging," said Charley, "and he was well rewarded too: the other day, we were walking in Spruce street and a boy was crying in a court because he had lost his nice ball in the bushes. Harry jumped over the fence and hunted until he found it for him and close by it, another India rubber ball—a real beauty, which some boy had thrown there and lost. Now, how different it was about my twenty-five cents which grandma gave me Fourth of July. You know I bought a boat with it, and a boy offered to trade his cup and ball for the boat, and then when I was tired of the cup and ball I traded it for a bass ball, and one day I threw it so far I never could find it again; so my twenty-five cents was all gone for nothing." "I read a story when a little girl," said Charley's mother, "called 'Eyes and no eyes,' or how much more could be seen by an attentive

observer, in walking through this world, than by a person who never looks with interest on the works of creation or art."

"I remember," said Charley, "that when Uncle William visited the chalk cliffs, he told us of the wonderful bones of animals which had been found among them, and of those great monsters who lived before Adam, one of whose eyes was as big as a man's head, and he could contract or expand it as he pleased, to see a large or small object. How I wish I had such eyes; I could see anything I had lost."

"No," replied his mother smiling, "you do not need such large eyes as that. You have two sparkling, black eyes, and if you make good use of them you will find enough to employ them. When your Uncle William went to college, an old teacher told him he had a small piece of advice to give him: 'When you pass a tree, look to see whether it grows straight or crooked.' This was a simple piece of advice, but often remembered in his after travels. There are many people who go through the world, 'having eyes' as the Bible says, but they see not."

GRINNELL

A LITTLE CHILD MAY BE USEFUL,

I MAY, if I have but a mind,  
Do good in many ways,  
Plenty to do the young may find,  
In these our busy days.  
Sad would it be, though young and small,  
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,  
"Or one kind, loving deed,  
May, though a trifle poor and weak,  
Prove like a tiny seed;  
And who can tell what good may spring  
From such a very little thing?"

Then let me try each day and hour,  
To act upon this little plan,  
What little good is in my power,  
To do it while I can.  
If to be useful thus I try,  
I may do better by-and-by.

THE GIANT DRAWBACK.

THE natural advantages of Virginia cannot but strike and impress the mind of even the careless observer. The beauty of the country, reminding one constantly of the finest parts of the Empire State, is a subject of gratified remark by all who behold it, from that region. The undulating surface; the character of the soil, requiring only skillful culture to make it yield abundantly; the densely-wooded tracts, the wood itself being substantially of the same varieties here as there; the frequent streams, announcing unbounded capacity for the needs of the mill and the factory; the soft climate, inviting migration and settlement, as sunny Italy invited the northern hordes (the comparison is causal, not specific) which overran it, conspire to proclaim the operation of some mighty restraining influence to keep down the healthy development and expansion of a State so noble physically, degrading her

from the proud rank she once held, and suffering young States to outstrip her far in population, wealth, and resources. That giant drawback, as every candid person must see, is the system of slavery. But for that, Virginia would have maintained, with perhaps one or two exceptions, as high a relative position as she occupied at the close of '76. It is marvelous that a community should ever be found to cling with desperate tenacity to what is gnawing at its very vitals, and subjecting it, by slow but steady advances, to certain decrepitude and decay. If she is wakened from her trance, and learns the lesson thoroughly, through her present baptism of trial and suffering, her bitter experiences will prove her richest blessing and highest joy for coming generations.—*Christian Int.*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

FILIAL DUTY.

"HONOR thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

THAT there are various stations and relations among mankind in this world, must be evident to every one, and this is not the result of chance or mere accident, but is the work of God, who is sovereign Ruler of the universe, supreme Controller of all the affairs of men. Had it pleased Him, He could have made all equal, and have decreed that this equality should always exist. But such was not His design, and hence we find that this very inequality which exists among men constitutes one of the beauties of God's government, suited to external peace and order. The consequence of this inequality, which God has constituted, is, that there are various duties incumbent upon every individual arising out of the several relations which he may sustain to those about him, and these duties, indeed, are to a great extent acknowledged and obeyed. The great mass of men are free to admit that it is the duty of subjects to endeavor carefully to live under their government as an honor, a comfort and a blessing, and to maintain as far as possible constituted authority. So also the relation of husband and wife is pronounced by every man who has a spark of right feeling in his heart to be sacred and the marriage covenant one demanding the strictest fidelity. So also they are pronounced by the judgment of mankind to be unnatural parents who do not provide to the best of their ability for the wants of their children, and in like manner the duties of love and obedience which children owe their parents, are admitted by all. But if we are not much mistaken, there is a prevalent notion, a sort of taken-for-granted opinion, a vague, undefinable impression upon the minds of very many people that those duties which children owe their parents, terminate with their period of dependence, that when they come of age and launch out for themselves, and perhaps become fathers and mothers themselves, then those sentiments of reverence and devotion which they entertained for their parents, while they were entirely dependent upon them, have ceased to be



binding. To any such opinion or feeling as this we most earnestly object; far from its being the true theory upon the subject, we believe that it is distinctly condemned in the Bible, and that children, even after they have left the parental roof, are bound to hearken to the advice and counsel of their parents, and to supply their wants and gratify their wishes to the utmost of their power, when they are old and stand in need of it.

This we say we believe to be distinctly taught in the Bible, and we propose to cite two or three passages from this Book of books. If our reader will turn to Proverbs, twenty-third chapter and twenty-second verse, he will find these words, "Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old." Such is the precept of Israel's wisest king. Now this we understand to mean simply this, that it is the duty of children, at whatever age of life, to reverence their fathers who have a certain authority over, (limited it may be by circumstances) and affection for them, and who they may be certain can have no other design than their own good, and also that children are not to despise or in any way slight their mothers when they are old, for the very reason that they are old and consequently in especial need of love and tenderness to cheer their declining days and make light the evening time of life. Again, in Paul's first letter to Timothy, fifth chapter and fourth verse, we read, "If any widow have children or nephews, let them learn first to show piety at home, and to requite their parents; for that is good and acceptable before God." Here we see that the respect of children for their parents and their care of them, is fitly called piety, this is in a certain measure requiting them. Children can never fully repay their parents for all their care and anxiety for them, but it is their duty to do all in their power, whether it be by word or deed. This, and this only is acceptable before God.

One more quotation, and we have done. We point you to the example of Jesus of Nazareth. His mother attended Him to His death, faithful to His dying hour, as near to the Cross as she could get she stood; her heart bled with all His wounds, and His torments tortured her soul. Jesus saw her standing near, and He saw, too, the faithful John, and notwithstanding His sufferings and agony, love for His mother overcame them all, and He established a relation between His beloved mother and that disciple whom He loved most. "Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! and from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

Reader, the scene speaks for itself, comment upon it cannot add to its beauty and force, even as the brush of the painter cannot increase the charm of the opening flower. But the lessons which it teaches linger still in our ears after the lapse of centuries. It speaks to every one, and especially to every Christian, oh! with how much earnestness. It bids him touch with gentle hands those chords of affection which

bind the mother's heart to her child, and which, if broken, leave naught but a bruised and bleeding heart, which the sunshine of earth can never make glad. Ah! earth has at best too many sorrows which must "needs be."

"Oh! how full of briars is this working-day world!" See to it, reader, that to them all you do not add that cruel thorn which too often grows up from a father's or a mother's grave, to lacerate the heart of the ungrateful or inconsiderate child, long after they have turned to dust!

When you have read these few plain, simple sentences, just open, for a few moments, the gates of memory, and wander once again amid the scenes of childhood and youth, in those half-seen memories of childish days, I know you cannot fail to recall that look of affection and those earnest counsels which bespeak a father's heart, and I doubt not but that the vision of a mother's form kneeling by your bedside, and taking her nightly kiss with her blessing, will come vividly before you, if so, perhaps a tear may fall! Let that tear be the seal of a resolution to strew with flowers their passage to the tomb, if God, in His goodness, has still spared them to you.

LUCAL.

#### SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

THE Word of God every where, both in the Old and New Testament, represents *the giving of our property as an essential part of true religion*. To divorce piety from religious charity, as some would do, is therefore to attempt an impossibility, and only dooms those who undertake it to a fearful disappointment.

With the first recorded act of religious worship the firstlings and fat of the flesh, and the fruits of the ground were brought and presented to the Lord. *An offering of value* must be given to show the sincerity of the devotion, because one of the first objects of religious worship is to subdue the innate selfishness of the heart. Hence David would not offer to God that which "cost him nothing." The pardoned sinner, by this offering of his property, recognizes his obligation to his Redeemer; hence it is said, "*By faith* Abel offered unto God a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain." So Noah, when he first went forth upon the earth, just washed from its terrible pollution, built an altar, and though having but seven cattle and seven sheep with which to replenish the whole desolate earth, offered one-seventh of this precious stock to God, who had mercifully saved him and his from the desolating flood. Abraham, in his first settlement in Canaan, and the other patriarchs on first establishing themselves in their new homes, commenced life by a costly offering to God. Their thanks for victory were expressed by offerings, and their supplications for desired mercies were confirmed by sacrifices of the best of their substance. Jacob, also, awakening from the beatific vision of God and angels at Bethel, solemnly avouches God to be his Lord, and consecrates a perpetual offering of one-tenth of his possess-

sions. This offering of the tenth, or tithe, seems from the earliest times to have been a constant rule of sacrifice.

Look again at the example of the Israelites in the wilderness, where they were homeless wanderers, poor and desolate. When the tabernacle was to be built it was effected by the voluntary offerings of the people. Their oppressive bondage had nearly cramped and crushed out of their souls the notions of benevolence, and it must therefore be awakened and stimulated by this demand. Yet who can doubt that the same God who had brought them bread and meat from heaven and water from the rock could lead them to mines of gold and gems for the use of the tabernacle. But God saw that while the body might be sustained by miracle, the soul needed as its own peculiar aliment, for its nourishment and growth, the exercise of the moral affections. And such was the special grace bestowed on the people on this occasion, that they offered more than was needed. God's storehouse overflowed.

Notice still farther how all the requirements of the tabernacle and temple drew constantly and largely upon their property; so that every Jew was required to give nearly or quite *one fourth of his whole income* to the service of religion; clearly showing that the cultivation of the benevolent affections entered largely into the design of the Mosaic ritual. Indeed their whole history abundantly shows that their prosperity and happiness, both temporal and spiritual was always in direct proportion to the liberality of their offerings to God. "Bring ye, all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Yea, they were always required here, as in the New Dispensation, to show their faith by their works; to break off their sins by righteousness and their iniquities by showing mercy to the poor. "He hath dispersed abroad, he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth forever." Thus we find everywhere religion and beneficence are made inseparable. The same is equally true by the New Testament rule.—*Christian Times*. \* \* \*

#### "IT IS MORE BLESSED."

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven  
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;  
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;

Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give.  
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,  
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,  
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;  
Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river  
Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,  
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;  
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.

Scatter thy life, as the summer's shower pouring!  
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?  
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?

Look to the life that was lavished for thee!



So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,  
 Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,  
 Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,  
 Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.  
 What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?  
 What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?  
 Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,  
 Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over:  
 Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,  
 Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from  
 lover;

What shall thy longing avail in the grave?  
 Give, as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,  
 Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,  
 Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,  
 Thou shalt know God, and the gift that He  
 gave.

*Selected.*

## Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, FEB. 1, 1862.

### ABUNDANT IN LABORS.

THANKS to the many friends of the Home who are still abundant in labors. Thanks that in a year like the past their tokens of remembrance have been almost undiminished. Our lengthened lists of acknowledgments tell the story of their faithful care. As we have seen the various boxes opened, from time to time, the parcels of basted work, solicited months since, all there nicely folded, ready for the needle held by tiny fingers, the boys' sashes and long sleeve aprons, and other garments so much needed, the parcels for the sick, the fruits of the earth, the little of every thing that good mothers prepare for their own households. We have wished for a special Dorcas-room telegraph, through which to utter our grateful acknowledgments from point to point, as "fleet as a glance of the mind." Among the many hundreds to be cared for, within and without, the demand is always equal to the supply, and sometimes beyond it.

The distributions of the past month have made many sad hearts sing for joy. May the kind donors, each and every one, prove the promise true: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

### MOTHERS' CONCERT OF PRAYER.

THE Ladies' Christian Association have recently established a *Mothers' Concert of Prayer*, on the first Wednesday of every month at one o'clock P. M., at 21 Amity place. Mothers, of the different churches, are cordially invited to attend. We are aware that there is much, very much, to fill the hearts and hands of the praying, working women of our

city, but will they not, as far as practicable, come up to this Bethel, and make it, as were the "worlds' concert prayer-meetings," a place of precious nearness to the Mercy seat. Now in this time of our country's peril, while so many mothers have laid their sons upon its altar, to do and die for the right, if the will of God be so. Now, while the long prayer of an age, intensified by the pending conflict to which all eyes are turned, is going up day and night, that God will deliver the oppressed, and remove the curse of slavery forever from this Christian land. Now, while *truth* and *error* are struggling to gain the ascendancy, as never before, and issues are pending that make us a spectacle to God, angels and men, will not every Christian mother feel it a privilege to go with her full heart to some stated concert of prayer for mothers. We learn that a similar concert in Brooklyn is being attended with excellent results, such as should follow like agencies the world over

### EXPECT GREAT THINGS.

"SOON and forever, the work shall be done,  
 The warfare accomplished, the victory won;  
 Soon and forever, the soldier lay down  
 His sword for a harp, and his cross for a crown."

"ATTEMPT great things and expect great things," has often served as a watch-word, inspiring life and courage, and nerving to perseverance against obstacles.

And is it not a motto in one sense equally adapted to every department of Christian effort, however humble or obscure. No truly Christian labor can be rightly prosecuted, unless the salvation of the soul, and the approving smile of Him who came to seek and to save the lost, is the prominent motive. "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins." Who, that sets his heart upon this end, may not expect its accomplishment? and what greater thing could be offered as a stimulant to earnest toil? Would the conquest of a world be more? "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "A world in purchase for a soul is gain."

That very many, in all the churches in city and country, are fixing the mind's eye upon Christian responsibility in this regard, is truly cheering. The neglected portions of the vineyard all abroad come up in remembrance, and not only men and women, but young men and maidens are inquiring, "Where can I best employ the time and talents lent me for a little season, until called to give an account of my stewardship?"

It is also manifest, that the eye of pastors,

churches, and individuals is being directed, far more than formerly, to the children of neglect and destitution. This is seen in the mission-schools, increasing in numbers and interest, the meetings for the poor mothers, and the favor and sympathy shown to institutions that make this class their specialty.

Those who labor thus, whether singly or socially, find so much to encourage, that it is comparatively easy so to infuse their own spirit as to gather others around them, who soon become equally interested in the same labors.

Go out into the by-ways and alleys and side-streets of this million city, and ever and anon among the "rookeries and tumble-down dwellings," so common where the poor and vicious congregate, your ear is attracted by the voice of prayer and praise. Enter the little gathered circle, "poor and needy though they be," and you find they are learning to speak the language of Canaan. "Street children," too, are there, just coming to years of understanding, and, with the simplicity of childhood, they solicit prayer, and inquire very earnestly what they shall do to be saved. Christian hearts are so drawn towards them, that, quite forgetting denominational preferences, all sects labor together with one mind and heart, no more inquiring of the monitor within, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

We must not be understood that like instances represent the general phase of things in the many mission districts of New York and its suburbs; would that it were so: but the heaven is working and the Church is waking to see and feel that what may be done in one section, may also be done in another, by similar agencies, as soon as time, labor, and heart shall be consecrated to the work. This fact alone may well encourage faith, and lead the humble toiler in the vineyard to expect great things, as the course of events shall move on. No well-directed aims, steadily pursued, fail of accomplishment. "God helps him who helps himself."

Mark the rise and progress of Christian missions, home and foreign, of Christian institutions rising from small beginnings, founded on faith and prayer. Study the promises, "exceeding great and precious," large and full and free.

Behold, "what God hath wrought," during the last half century, how His providences are causing the claims of humanity to loom up, and how "the day of His power" is making His people willing to consider these claims in their true light.

Five years since who would have looked for the emancipation of 20,000,000 serfs in



1861? Who would have expected to find well-authenticated paragraphs from the Russian Journals like the following?

"Our papers are filled with news, which come to them from all parts of the country, of the establishment of free schools and of Sunday-schools. Every day sees new schools opened of a character to attract and to educate the lower classes of the population. They are already very numerous and scattered over the whole extent of the country, not to speak of the two capitals, where they are no longer a new thing, we see them starting up in remote hamlets and villages under the patronage of the landholders, or of some other public-spirited persons.

We need not say that these free schools, established in the interest of the people, and multiplied on the eve of their emancipation, are called to exercise an influence on the future of the working classes, which must be most salutary."

With a perishing world, for which to pray and labor, the Hand of God almost visible, moving "in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," will not every true disciple "expect great things, attempt great things?"

#### A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

A WAY TO DO AND GET GOOD.—Among our brief extracts from correspondence on another page, is a note from the secretary of a juvenile benevolent society in Barre, Mass., giving the results of their united work for twelve afternoons during the year.

The avails of what small hands do for the Home are among the most precious and valued gifts cast into its treasury. They come to us like flowers when offered in the bud! This letter suggests the inquiry: Why may not the example of the Barre Juvenile Society, have a host of imitators during the year just begun? Are there not many communities in the rural districts, sufficiently compact for the young misses to meet together once a month, where at least a dozen mothers would be happy to invite them alternately, superintend their work, select something useful and entertaining to be read to them while their hands are employed, guide them in performing their tasks with neatness and skill, and inspire a laudable ambition to do well, whatever they may undertake, thus benefitting both themselves, and the object for which they are associated. Would not an arrangement like this meet the social wants of the dear children, and with a wise maternal supervision make these opportunities both pleasant and improving.

Similar union efforts among school-girls have often awakened latent energies, and

developed early efficiency very cheering to the hearts of parents and teachers. Would not a great point be gained, were the love and the practice of doing good to the needy to be universally instilled among all the children of our common country. How would it repel selfishness, ennoble the character, and bring happiness in place of misery! Mothers, the responsibility of doing this, as far as practicable, is yours. Well we know it will cost time and patience and thought, but be sure it will pay to teach the children how to work for the benefit of others. It will promote early habits of industry, and give smiles for tears to those yearning for human sympathy.

If during 1862, the example of the juvenile society in Barre, should be followed in, say, five hundred places of similar size, and thirteen dollars be raised in each, the aggregate would be six thousand five hundred dollars, a sum sufficient to distribute sixty thousand loaves of bread among the children of want, beside clothing a thousand such children for an entire year, with a suitable outfit to attend the day and Sabbath school. Now, would not this be worth the effort?

Small hands have placed many bricks in the Home, fed and clothed many little shivering forms, and now, every day brings results showing not only that their labor has not been lost, but like bread cast upon the waters, "is found after many days."

#### "PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH."

"COST OF BAD BOYS.—If we will not be our brother's keeper, our brother will be a perpetual torment and disgrace to us. The Rev. Mr. Jackson mentioned, at a meeting on Monday, a case in which a boy of only fourteen had been ten times in prison, and had cost the public £400 in prosecuting and punishing him, leaving him just as bad, or rather, we fear worse than ever. Had that lad been introduced early into a Ragged School, he might have become a useful member of the community instead of turning out as he did, a nuisance and a pest. A few ten-pound notes spent in Ragged Schools, would save us thousands of pounds in poor rates, police rates, jail rates, and the expenses of criminal prosecution."

The above paragraph, from the *Leeds Mercury*, furnishes a strong argument for an advocate whose clients are the children of the city streets. True it presents an extreme case, and yet the fact given only exhibits in a just light the legitimate results of street-training. Could all the doleful sounds that ever issue from the "Tombs" in Centre St., be concentrated, they would but ring changes upon the folly of neglecting the child—physi-

cally and morally—away back at the point of time, when the heart was susceptible to saving impressions and doing nothing except to make provision for his treatment as a future criminal.

Surely every benevolent mind must rejoice that Christian interest, in behalf of this class of children, is on the increase, and that no missionary field, at home or abroad, can promise a higher present reward to "the work of faith, and the labor of love." To neglect the children of want because it costs something to instruct and save them, is being "penny wise and pound foolish."

#### IMPURE AIR,

##### ONE CAUSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

FROM an excellent leader on the above topic, in a late "Independent," we note the following. The immense number of the population of our over-crowded city, who dwell in tenement houses, "peopled from street to roof," would be of less moment, were it not for the manner in which the more destitute are compelled to live. The tenement house with its adjuncts, occupied by a family to every room, be they more or less, often changing hands from month to month, giving place to new-comers, perhaps of doubtful integrity, but who must be received at the will of the landlord, as next door neighbor to the honest poor, the weary flights of stairs that the poor mothers of the attic rooms must pass over day by day, the wretchedness and discomfort and peril to the morals of the poor children of these tenants, could they be seen by the distant reader, as they are, would awaken a new sense of gratitude for a home in the country, a lot in more pleasant places.

"Now it will startle some people to know that seventy per cent, of the population of New York dwell in tenement houses. Is not this one key to the great drunkenness of this drunken city? What multitudes live in cellars; in rear houses, in alleys; in long brick buildings, thick-peopled from street to roof; all breathing each other's breath; all looking out upon uncleansed streets; all sleeping in poisonous night-dews; all heirs to an inheritance of malaria! Is it any wonder, since so many human bodies must grow tainted with the defilement of these streets and these abodes, since so much vigor of life must be wasted by such atmosphere, since so much morbidity must enter into the blood with each day's drawing in of breath, since so many appetites are inevitably set to craving for an unnatural nutriment,—is it any wonder that, wherever a man goes in this city, he cannot help finding a grog-shop, and that sober men, meeting this temptation at the corners of all streets, should often yield, and



stop just long enough to take a single glass, and so learn to-day how to be drunk to-morrow?

Of course, this does not cover the whole case. There are men living in well-aired houses, on fashionable streets, whose sober days are not seven to the week. Men drink and are drunken on Fifth avenue and on Murray Hill. We must not look, for all the virtues, to Our Best Society. But it must be said that the heavy figures of drunkenness in this city are counted among the very poor, who live squalidly, who dare not look the sunshine in the face, and who know not the taste of fresh air. Next in the rank of drinkers and drunkards is the great body of day-laborers, mechanics, men of all the common trades; who deal with themselves more roughly than the world would like to deal with them; who are their own unconscious enemies; who defile themselves, making room in their houses for poverty, and in their bodies for disease; yet who might just as well catch the happy knack of keeping their skins clean, their bodies pure, and their breath sweet. Half the drunkenness of this city might be prevented by this simple rule—Breathe no other man's breath. Half a dozen years of clean streets, with pure air as low down as the pavements, would cleanse the Augean stables. If the new Mayor will carry into the lanes and alleys that new broom which is said to sweep clean, we will give him thanks. Then, for the next means to be used, let the Temperance Men forthwith turn their tracts, their reports, their speeches, and their ward-visitations, not merely upon the single idea of abstinence-pledges and the signing of names, but also, as part of their legitimate work, upon scrubbing floors, sweeping stairs, bathing bodies, airing beds, opening windows, and the drinking not merely of cold water but God's full cup of fresh air.

### Our Book Table.

*The Little Syracuse Boy.* New York: Board of Publication of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church. 1861.

An interesting memoir of Scovell Haynes McCollum, showing the triumphs of grace, as manifested in the life and death of this child of prayer. His self-prompted written request to the "Fulton Street Prayer-meeting," asking Christians to pray for his conversion—a little boy of ten years of age—was touchingly beautiful; and the strong and abiding trust in Jesus in his sickness and death bore testimony to the words of inspiration, "Out of the mouth of babes" "Thou hast ordained praise."

The book should be in every Sabbath-school and family library.

*Songs for my Children.* Am. Tract Society: Boston.

Another valuable addition to our nursery treasures, full of fine illustrations, that cannot

fail to attract and please the little ones. While the language of the songs is suited to infancy, it will instruct "the young idea to shoot," and be regarded by the mother or nurse as a very useful helper.

The same Society have issued three neat little books in German, specially intended for soldiers, but well adapted to all speaking that language. They are entitled "Lebendig oder Todt," Life or death; "Ist es meines Vaters Brief?" Is it my Father's Letter? and "Einmal zu sterben," Once to die.

### PERIODICALS.

*The Guardian*, a monthly magazine, devoted to the social, literary and religious interests, of young men and young ladies, edited by Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Lancaster, Pa., has reached its thirteenth volume, and always greets its patrons laden with good things. The January No. is accompanied with a very beautiful frontispiece, representing Washington taking leave of his army.

*The Home Monthly*, devoted to home education, literature and religion. Editors, Rev. WM. M. THAYER, Mrs. H. E. G. ARBY, Mrs. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE, Boston, Mass., a magazine of great merit, always a welcome and profitable guest in the family circle. We are glad to see it commence the new year under favorable auspices. The state of the country, painful as it is, affords no valid reason why publications that help rightly to educate the people, should not be well sustained, but the reverse.

*Lewis's Gymnastic Monthly*, and journal of physical culture, Boston, Mass., enters upon its second year with every prospect of permanent usefulness. The *Iowa Instructor* says: "It is the work of the age on the subject." The *Knickerbocker*, "Dr. Lewis has for many years been devoted to the subject of physical education, and his new and admirable system of Gymnastic Training has elicited the warmest approbation from those who have witnessed its beneficial results. We bespeak for his noble enterprise the liberal patronage which it so richly merits."

*The Atlantic Monthly*, Contents in part for January, 1862. *Methods of Study in Natural History*, *Agnes of Sorrento*, *The true Heroine*, *Jefferson and Slavery*, *A story of to-day*, *James Fenimore Cooper*, *Light Literature*, *Pilgrimage to Old Boston*, *Fremont's hundred days in Missouri*, etc.

The paper on "Jefferson and Slavery" is a very able document, and should be read wherever the English language is spoken. Fremont's hundred days in Missouri, will also well repay perusal.

*The Ladies' Wreath*, New series, Edited and published by Mrs. L. D. SNEARS, New York. The January No. is neatly embellished, its contents readable and timely, pervaded by a spirit of loyalty and true love of freedom.

*The Beauty of Holiness.* Edited by Rev. E. FRENCH and Mrs. FRENCH, is devoted to the inculcation of entire sanctification. Being in

sympathy with efforts in every department of Christian philanthropy, it has done much to advance pure and undefiled religion.

The Fifteenth Annual Report of the Am. Missionary Association and the proceedings at the Annual meeting held at Norwich, Ct., Oct., 1861, issued by the Society, at 61 John St., is upon our table, contents noted. A document full of varied interest, and such as should enlist the attention and sympathies of every Christian heart. The events of the year have furnished abundant material for such a review.

### REPORT OF HOME SCHOOL NO. 3.

THE Boys' School is improving constantly in scholarship, deportment and numbers, and the Committee would humbly trust, in usefulness. We endeavor to keep this truth in remembrance, that any attempt to elevate the immortal mind apart from that knowledge that maketh wise unto salvation, is labor unworthily used, leading only to "science falsely so called."

We are often cheered by the attentive and solemnized countenance when some allusion is made to eternity, and can but lift the prayer, that good ground may yet bear fruit from some seed thus sown. When teaching Numeration a few days since, the following conversation ensued. The teacher asked, "Is there any end to Numeration?" A number replied "No," a few said "Yes." The teacher added, "The greater part of the class and the most attentive have said No, perhaps you inferred from my voice that it was the right answer, and so it is; Numeration never, never ends. It is impossible to think of this, in view of eternity, without feeling very solemn! A million, yes, many billions of years from this day we shall all be living. Every one now in this room will be enjoying happiness or misery! Think of it." Every eye was fixed upon the teacher with an intense look as she continued, "Oh, that every one of us may be prepared, by repenting of all our sins, to spend those long, long years with our beloved Saviour in those beautiful mansions He has gone to prepare." Many an eye fell, as though they, too, joined in the petition. A friend, who often assists the teachers, gave the school, in a short address, a most beautifully-condensed account of the delivery of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego from the fiery furnace. The quiet, fixed attention given by one hundred and sixty boys present, could not have been exceeded by any youthful audience. Several of the older ones came, after school was dismissed, to ask where they could find that story in the Bible.

Our infant class improves rapidly. A large number have just been promoted into the spelling-class: a brigadier-general need not feel more exultation than these miniature men manifest at the honor conferred.

The bodily wants of these children press heavily upon our spirits, we cannot remove their sufferings, but as far as the benevolent supply us the means, we will alleviate them, and thank Him who enables us to be the al-



moners of the bounty of His stewards, and with their charities, to give a word and smile of kindness to these little weary ones so early overburdened with life's cares.

In visiting, from time to time, our little boys at their respective homes, we find much that is truly disheartening, we look upon them with kinder and more forbearing feelings, when we realize the demoralizing influences that surround them when out of school.

During the ten months that the A. F. Guardian Society have continued this school, there have been distributed to the pupils one thousand and nine articles of apparel, (695 from the Dorcas-room, and 314 from friends in New York and Brooklyn.) Those who have been constant attendants are now comfortably protected from the cold, and we can see that the daily liberal meal of bread has made a decided improvement in many pinched, wan-looking faces.

The Committee once more appeal to the friends and patrons of the Home for clothing, the cast-off clothing of their little sons. A mother says, "What! another pair of pants for that boy, it takes a fortune to keep that child in clothes." Dear lady, whose kind husband can so liberally supply that darling son with apparel, will you not remember that there are a group of boys under the daily care of the "Guardian Society," one of whom will sit still and study well, hour after hour, for three weeks, to obtain those very pants, if you will send them to 29 E. 29th St., or notify us where we may send for them. We meet every Saturday at 10 A. M., and patch and mend such clothing thoroughly; no ragged garment has yet been given to our boys. We will pray the great Creator and Dispenser of all good, that "prosperity within thy palaces may continue," and in return you will give us the garments that you can spare from your plentiful wardrobes.

The whole number of pupils registered, 390. New pupils in December, 31. Average daily attendance in December, 151.

H. R. STARKWEATHER, *Teacher.*

January 3, 1862.

#### REPORT OF HOME SCHOOL NO. 4.

THE agent of the Beulah mission writes thus: "During the holiday season the attendance has been somewhat irregular, although most of our pupils have attended a part of the time. There is much of interest to encourage us among the parents who are becoming more and more interested in the moral training of their families, and we are fully convinced that our walks and talks with these wayside hearers are at least one of the best means of preaching the gospel.

A few days since I was called to attend the funeral of Mrs. H. from the attic of a tenement house only one block from Broadway. Just one year previous she was one of the giddy throng on Broadway during the day and on the stage of one of our most fashionable theatres

at night. To-day she is buried as a pauper, by strangers, and her little children thrown upon the charities of the world. We saw the children suitably provided for. Thus live some of the gay and fashionable for a season and then die unlamented, scarcely missed.

We called to see S. D., a poor orphan girl of twenty years, who has been in a decline for nearly a year. She has always had a home with her relatives, who are in good circumstances. Recently she became interested in her soul's salvation and met with great opposition from her friends who threatened to turn her into the street if she became a Christian. She asked my advice. I told her to obey God and leave the consequences with Him, for "He doeth all things well." She came to our meeting one evening but never to return to the only home she had, for the doors were closed against her. It was ten o'clock at night and she at the mission room a homeless, friendless, penniless orphan. A poor shop girl said, I will take you to my home until a better one can be provided for you. In three days afterward a welcome was given her in that delightful Christian institution, St. Luke's Hospital, where she can enjoy at least a foretaste of that Heavenly home "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

We heard of Mrs. D., a high-spirited woman, the mother of seven children, the youngest three months old. Her husband, reduced in circumstances and out of employment, volunteered, and she has not since heard from him. Absolute want and privation had driven her to an out of the way back room where we found her in a state of despair. Only two blankets for the whole family, and no under garments. We gave her bread, clothed the children for school and invited her to hear the words of the gospel at the mission rooms.

Five months since we became interested in Mary S., a girl of twelve years, she was bareheaded, barefooted, indeed she had but a single garment on her, and that was too filthy for any human being. Her father had abandoned the family and no one knows where he is. The mother had just served six months on Blackwell's island, and is now there for the same period. Mary was living with one of her mother's dissipated associates, learning the lessons of the street during the day, and living with the vicious at night, a terrible school for a girl of twelve years. We took her into our mission school, clothed and in other ways cared for her. She has now a good place, as an inmate of a Christian family, and has recently become interested in her soul's salvation, and requested an interest in the prayers of the Sunday-school teachers, saying that she would like to become what they are.

Johnny W. had a dissipated father, who neglected his family, so that their support depended on the hard labors of the mother and Johnny's errands, &c. We became much interested in him and in various ways tried to instruct him and wake up the manliness which we saw

beaming from his fine face. He attended our school regularly. One day a gentleman connected with one of the largest and best papers in New York city came to visit our school and said, "Who is that boy; I like his appearance much, can you spare him, for I want just such a boy in my office to collect money, go to the bank, &c.?" We told him all about the boy's circumstances. "Well," said he, "send him down to the office to-morrow and I will try him, and if he is determined to be a man, we will give him the opportunity." At our next mission service the father appeared and continues to come. We think that this kind of preaching has reached his heart. Is not a kind deed one of the best ways of seeking and saving the lost?

#### REPORT OF HOUSE COMMITTEE FOR DECEMBER.

Dec. 4th. A STRANGER, upon entering the Home to-day, looks upon a busy scene, and one that must appear—as it is in truth—intricate, weighty, and perplexing. The care is how to do the most good—with the least expenditure of money—to the souls for whom Christ died. The infants, uncared for by natural parents—the youthful, unprotected ones, for whose unwary feet Satan's snares are spread—the anxious, middle-aged, seeking employment, and the aged ones, trembling on the brink of the open grave—all have sorrows, which it has been the privilege of the Guardian Society to relieve again and again.

In the parlor, a lady and gentleman, who desire to adopt a child, are seated. They tell us the age, sex, and general appearance that they prefer. Mrs. Graham, the matron, is anxious to find their beau-ideal in the face and form of one of our nursery pets, whom we hope, holds the key to unlock a very warm place in their affections. As we enter the reception-room, filled with applicants, our hearts sink, but remembering the words, "do and never flinch," we listen to the requests, and severally advise, dismiss, or assist as duty seems to prompt. A frail-looking German woman, with an infant in her arms, and a child of two and a half years leaning upon her, looks up, with a most pitiful expression. She can speak but little English, an older daughter interprets. She finds it impossible to procure food for her remaining family. Her husband was a shoemaker, and used to keep them from want, he was sick two winters; "One spring he grew better and could work some, but last spring he was too sick, and in June he died." Two months since she committed to this Society her son, eight years old, and now she must "put away" the little Alice. She hopes to be able to keep a home with the infant, a year old, and the daughter of ten years. This group are sent to the Secretary's room, where the little girl is legally received. The Committee appropriated three dollars for her present relief, and a generous package is selected for her from the Dorcas-room; with a word of encouragement, poor Mrs. S. leaves. We can but ejaculate, "The Lord comfort you



in your weary pilgrimage, dear sister, and prepare you for the better home."

A timid colored boy asks for Mrs. B., his father and mother are both sick, and want bed-covering. Finding that the family are known to be worthy and industrious persons, we procure a warm bed-quilt and several articles of apparel which will in some degree mitigate their sufferings. Oh! how kind of our auxiliaries and friends to send these comforts to the poor and destitute. The Lord grant them abundant blessings in this world, and joys eternal beyond the grave.

Dec. 11th. A woman, who some weeks since committed to us her three children, insists upon seeing them; she is evidently much intoxicated. We desire her to call upon the regular days for mothers to visit their children, she says, "No, I will see them now." Mrs. G. comes to our aid, and after calming her by gentle questions, decides to send for the children. After talking with them awhile, the inebriate mother permits them to be sent back to school, and desiring us to remember that she has concluded to take the children again herself after a few weeks, and that she forbids our putting either of them out, she staggers away. We fear this is another case which will cost much annoyance and difficulty. It will be a mercy to these bright little ones to keep them from the "tender mercies" of such a mother.

A woman, with no references, desires us to receive her infant, the child appears so ill that it is astonishing that she can think of parting with it. We can only advise that she keep the infant with her, and go to the Almshouse for the winter, where we believe she will be very kindly treated. This she refuses to do, and asks that we lend her money to pay the infant's board in advance until she can look out for work. Says she came here from Boston to find her husband, of whom she has not yet heard; we have not much confidence in her story. "Your child will certainly die if you attempt to wean it now," seemed to have no effect upon her. She refused our offer to write a line for her to take to the Superintendent of public charities, and left with much appearance of vexation and disappointment. We hope she is not so entirely destitute as she represents herself to be, else she would have been respectful in her deportment, and glad to find any tolerable place of refuge from hunger and cold for herself and sick infant.

Several children were received, one of whom was found wandering in the street; she said her mother had gone to California, where her father has been for a long time, that her mother left her with a lady who had moved away and told her she must go and hunt up a place. Her story seems very improbable, though she manifests no confusion, and speaks with such quiet decision that we can hardly believe it a fabrication. This child's mother came in a few days after, and found her, says she seems to have a mania for running away and has several times been absent days before the parents

could find her. The child met her mother and went with her with apparent unconcern. It seems difficult to understand what could prompt such a disposition, must not something be wrong in the home-training?

Continued in our next.

## Correspondence.

Barre, Dec. 23, 1861.

\* \* \* \* ABOUT a year ago, a Juvenile Benevolent Society was organized in Barre. The members of the Society then decided that they would make useful fancy articles during the year, and at the close of the year would hold a "Fair," and sell them, and send the proceeds to the "Home for the Friendless" in New York. We have met twelve afternoons during the year. Last week we held a "Fair," and sold the fancy articles for thirteen dollars. We remit a check to you for that amount. We hope it will do your Home as much good, as it has us in giving it.

Yours, respectfully,

ELLEN A. CRAWFORD,

Secretary of the J. B. S.

A *Young Nation*.—A letter recently received from Mrs. (President) Nott, of Schenectady, closes thus:

"My dear husband is unable, in consequence of illness and feeble health to engage in public duties, still retains his interest in your enterprise, and prays that it may be followed by the blessing of God. We live in sad times, but God is good and merciful to the young, and my husband says we are a young nation and may, therefore, hope in His mercy."

DIED, at Ballston Spa, Nov. 6th, 1861, Mrs. Huldah Benton, aged 78 years.

Another of our first subscribers and donors has gone to her rest. Her sympathy in the cause of moral purity received a new impulse in perusing the journal that preceded in its publication your valuable paper. Always ready to throw the cloak of charity over the fallen of her sex, and set at naught an unjust public opinion, by openly discarding him who would speak lightly of virtue, her feelings were in unison with the inspired prophet in the prayer, "Oh! that my head were water, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night, for the slain of the daughters of my people."

Many can bear witness to the interest created by the reading of her *Advocate* at the social gathering.

"They call thee dead, my mother, for the grave  
Now holds thy body in its cold embrace,  
They call thee dead, because the coffin lid  
Shuts out the light forever from thy face.

I saw thee wasting on thy couch of pain,  
Stood by thy bedside when thy spirit fled,  
Know what thou wast, thou canst not be again,  
And yet, and yet to me, thou art not dead!

A presence is around me all the time;  
At eve, at morn, all through the busy day,

Sainted and purified, and made sublime,  
That mother's love that never knew decay.

Thou'rt happier now, in thy celestial sphere,  
Where the dimmed mind again beholds the light,  
Where time and death, that makes such havoc here,  
No shadows cast, no rude, untimely blight.

I give thee joy that o'er life's thorny road,  
Footsore and weary though thou often wert,  
Safe thou didst pass, e'er looking up to God,  
Thou keptst thy way with firm and steady heart.

I follow thee, but, oh with lingering step,  
Halting and doubting oft, I grope my way,  
Scarce trusting Him who all thy footsteps kept,  
To show the path that brightens day by day.

O, if the blest, those spirits undefiled,  
Ever to us as ministering angels come,  
Be thou, my mother, watchful o'er thy child,  
And lead me safely to thy heavenly home."

## EARLY SAVED.

THE following, from a foster-mother, announces the death of a dear Home child, who went from the Institution to her foster-home last Oct. She was a very promising, lovely little girl, and we had hoped she might live to be blessed and a blessing in this world of sorrow; but the Good Shepherd, who loved her more than we, saw best to take her early to His own fold.

To the kind family, and the physician—a valued friend of the Society—who so tenderly cared for her in sickness and death, our grateful thanks are due. If he shall not lose his reward who giveth but "a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple," surely their great kindness to this lamb of the fold shall not be forgotten by Him who took little children in His arms and blessed them.

Benton, Nov. 19th, 1861.

Mr. A.—Dear Sir,—It has become our painful task to inform you, so soon, of the death of little Anna. She was a sweet child, and we loved her dearly. I could not have believed we could have become so attached to a child in the short time little Anna was with us. She did not get entirely over the cold she had when she came; she was taken very sick two weeks ago Sunday evening, with inflammation of the lungs. Next day we sent for Dr. Miles, who attended her nearly every day until she died. We did all we could for her; we spared neither time nor expense; her "Pa," (as she called him,) often said, there were no more children at the Home like Anna; she was a lovely child, too good to live on earth. She seemed to think she should not get well from the first, and said, "If I should die you could not have me then." She often wished she could write and tell Mr. Angell she was sick. She suffered a great deal, yet she would sing, "I want to be an angel," and, "I want to go," "Happy land," &c. One day as her physician left her, she said, "I may not live to see the doctor again," also when asked to take her medicine and get well, she said, "I don't want to get well; I want to die." It was very hard to part with her, yet God's ways are not our ways. Truly we sometimes entertain angels unawares. When you come this way again, call and see us.

A. M. NICHOLS.



## HOME.

THIS is a popular hymn, sung often in Germany by the whole congregation as they leave the church at the close of Divine service. The melody is our own "Home, Sweet Home," with some modifications.—*Methodist*.

O, WHERE shall the soul find her rest and her home?  
Whose wings will protect her? How long must she roam?  
Does not the world offer one city of peace,  
One spot free from sin, where our labors may cease?  
No, no, no, no! far out of sight,  
Beyond is our home, in the kingdom of light.

We'll leave, then, the world in its darkness behind,  
And walk in the light, if our home we may find;  
The great New Jerusalem, God has prepared,  
His word has been given—His counsel declared;  
Yes, yes, yes, yes! yonder must be  
Those mansions made ready for you and for me.

And Jesus our Saviour, our Brother is there—  
No sin shall oppress us, no death, pain, or care;  
But melodies sweeping from angel harps, roll  
A welcome of triumph to each ransomed soul.  
Rest, rest, rest, rest! There we may rest  
Forever with Christ in the home of the blest.

For we who have loved His appearing below  
By faith—then by sight our Redeemer shall know;  
In garments of holiness, free from each taint,  
Shall worship before Him the lowliest saint.  
Free, free, free, free! freed from our sin,  
From fightings without and temptations within.

Dear Saviour, our hearts burn within, and we long  
To join in the angels' victorious song.  
Hallelujah to Him who hath bought us! they cry;  
The Lamb who hath loved us, who reigneth on high!  
Wait, wait, wait, wait! Soon we shall hear  
The voice of the Master who bids us appear.

Then courage, our souls! for the warfare is short,  
Our armor is strong, and secure is our fort;  
And when we have triumphed, and each has his crown,  
At the feet of the Lord we will cast them all down.  
Joy, joy, joy, joy! safe home at last,  
The battle is over, the peril is past.

## "CLUB" &amp; "SINGLE" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have received the following inquiry and insert it, with the answer of our publishing Committee, for the information of all who have kindly exerted themselves, as the writer has done, in obtaining "club" subscribers.

"Will you allow me to inquire why the names couldn't be printed upon each paper as I see they are upon the wrappers, before sending from your office? I notice they are upon other papers coming in the same way."

To comply with this request, in the case of all "clubs," would entail an additional expense of nearly three thousand dollars yearly, and as the "profit" derived from the *Advocate* is chiefly from the "single" subscriptions, at one dollar a year—fifty cents being but little above the actual cost—there would be a loss to the Society in the case of all "club" subscribers; this we know they would not consent to.

In the case of club subscribers who receive their papers through the post office—and not by express or through news agents—the regulations of the Post Office Department makes it the duty of postmasters to deliver the papers to the subscribers, if paid the postage for a quarter in advance, on being furnished with their names.

We would again request our friends to interest themselves in extending the circulation of this paper, for the sake of the cause itself. Some have done nobly and have our cordial thanks. May many others imitate their example.

See Publisher's Notices on last page.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

OF DONATIONS TO THE

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,

From Dec. 25th, 1861, to Jan. 10th, 1862.

## HOME.

<i>Me.</i> —E. C. Taylor, Morison.....	1 00
<i>N. H.</i> —Nath'l Shute, Exeter.....	2 00
"Our Circle of Seven," Warner, per H. L. Warren, freight.....	2 00
Friends in Hollis, fr't.....	1 00
<i>Vt.</i> —Friends in Fair Haven, per M. A. Reed.....	4 50
S. M. Kimball, West Brattleboro, fr't.....	1 00
Little Susie W. Kellogg, Norwich.....	53
H. P. and H. C. (twins), O. P. W. and H. C. 25c each, W. Albany.....	1 00
Mrs A. Young \$1, Mrs S. Young, C. Hull, E. Sandford, A. Park, H. H. Bacon, Mr J. Serle, Mr J. C. Wyman 50c each, Mrs S. F. Cushman, Mrs E. Wright, W. Griswold, Dea. Hemenway 25c each, stamps 25c, per H. C. Bacon, Orwell.....	5 75
David A. Sheldon, Rupert.....	50
Mary E. Knapp, West Poultney.....	1 00
L. Hutchins, Waterbury.....	25 00
Mrs E. D. Parks \$2, Mrs J. H. Loveland 38c, per M. L. Woollen, Springfield.....	2 38
Mrs N. A. Saxton of Waltham \$1, Mrs M. Luther of Panton 50, per C. M. Bingham, Vergennes.....	1 50
<i>Mass.</i> —L. B. Foster, Clinton.....	1 00
Friends in South Wilbraham.....	1 00
M. A. Brown, Pittsfield.....	25
New Year's Gift from infant S. S. class in 2d Cong. Ch. in Greenfield, per L. A. Lamb.....	3 00
Ladies' Benev. Soc. of Southfield, per S. E. Sage.....	6 00
D. B. Goodale, Middleboro.....	1 00
Mrs David Carso, Pittsfield.....	10 00
Miss E. Morgan, Longmeadow, per L. P. Fay.....	1 00
Mrs J. Rowley, Southbridge.....	1 00
Mrs L. Bishop, per Mrs A. Bliss, Brimfield.....	1 00
<i>B. I.</i> —Mrs Wm. Maxon, Mrs B. W. Bentley 50c each, Westerly.....	1 00
<i>Conn.</i> —A. Friend, Huntington.....	25
Mrs T. S. Brown, Greenfield Hill.....	1 00
West Cornwall, Benev. Soc. per C. Blinn.....	3 00
Mrs S. Curtis, Mrs A. Benham, Mrs H. S. Curtis, Miss S. E. Benedict \$1 each, per F. C. Trowbridge, Woodbury.....	4 00
Miss E. C. Drake, Waterbury.....	1 00
Friends in Plainfield, per Mrs E. W. Clary.....	4 00
Mrs E. Tuttle, per E. S. Chapman, Vernon.....	1 00
Mrs James P. Dickerman \$4.35, Mrs T. Ensign, Mrs Wm. Bush, Mrs Wm. Budington, Mrs Dr Austin, Miss H. Hough, Mrs E. B. Austin, Mrs P. Hoodly 35c each, Mrs Howarth 25c, Mrs Herrick 10c, per E. Huntington, N. Haven.....	7 15
Benev. Soc. in Berlin, per H. P. Potter, fr't.....	1 00
M. E. Bryan, West Haven.....	1 00
Sew. Soc., Clapboard Hill of Guilford, fr't.....	50
L. U. Linsley, Wolcott.....	1 00
Mrs L. M. Fuller 50c, Mrs C. Spooner 38c, Kent.....	88
Mrs E. Cady of Plainfield, Ann. don.....	10 00
Mrs L. S. Sill, Mrs E. P. Hall \$2 each, Mrs B. Lee \$1, per L. S. Sill, Lyme.....	5 00
Mrs Martha Beardsley, Watertown.....	50
Four of E. H. B's. S. S. scholars in weekly con's., Milford.....	3 00
Mrs J. S. Lannis \$1, Eddie and Gussie Lannis 50c each, per M. Quintard, S. Norwalk.....	2 00
Mrs V. W. Kelsey, West Haven.....	1 00
Young Ladies' Sew. Soc. in Washington, per E. Hiscox, fr't.....	1 00
A New Year's gift from two little daughters of Mrs A. E. Richards, Unionville.....	1 00
Miss L. Booth \$1, Mrs D. Gillette and a friend 50c each, per Mrs E. Camp, Roxbury.....	2 00
A friend in Washington.....	50
Westminster ladies' Sew. Soc. per Mrs N. C. Dewing, fr't.....	1 00
M. S. Fairchild, Woodbury.....	1 26
Little George W. Stearns, Windham.....	05
C. Corbin, Colebrook.....	3 00
Rachel Hollister, South Britain.....	1 25
Mrs W. C. Humphrey 30c, Mrs O. Case, Mrs C. Gridley 25c each, Mrs E. N. Sexton 37c, Mrs Case 13c, Canton Centre.....	1 50
<i>N. Y.</i> —Mrs Benj. Ivy, Ludlowville.....	50
Pine Grove S. S., Corning, per U. L. Hood.....	2 00
Miss Caroline Parks, Pavilion.....	50
A. B. Potter, Tully.....	1 00
Christmas coll. in Presb. Ch., S. Salem.....	12 00
Mrs Potwine, Franklin, fr't.....	50
Mrs E. Barton, Deenville.....	50
E. M. Hill a little Home child, Darien Centre.....	10
A friend, per Wm. Young of Rose.....	50
Coll. in Cong. Bap. and Meth. Ch's. in Sherman with \$1 fr't from Mrs H. and other friends, per Rev H. M. Hazeltine.....	16 00
Friends in Candor \$1 fr't, Mrs E. Humphrey \$1 per J. B. Hart.....	2 00
Mrs H. Otis, Kanona.....	1 00

Mrs C. Doolittle, Bristol.....	50
Simon N. Pratt, Lake.....	1 00
Mrs R. Griffith 68c, Mrs H. Carries, Mrs L. Coye, Mrs E. Griffith 50c each, Mrs A. Kirkland 25c, Gilbert Mills.....	2 33
Mrs E. A. Miller 50c, E. A. Miller, Wm. A. Brown, R. J. Rowley, Wm. B. and J. D. Miller, J. G. Hill, M. Tobey 25c each, E. K. Brees, S. L. Davison 11c each, other friends 10 and 5c each odd pennies 8c, per H. N. Beers, Caton.....	3 48
Wm. D. Smith, Newtown.....	10 00
Libbie H. Ellsworth, Southampton.....	25
Mary E. Davis, Canajoharie.....	1 00
Lydia Adams, J. L. Townsend 75c each, E. Adams, M. A. Peckham, D. W. Knapp, A. L. Townsend, R. Peckham, S. N. Hunt 25c each, per J. L. Townsend, Westmoreland.....	4 00
Mrs Ward \$2, Miss McCollom 44c, Westfield.....	2 44
An aged widow, per Mrs H. Miller, Northville.....	50
Mrs H. Dewey, Franklin.....	50
Mrs James G. Wilson, per J. E. Bishop, Holley.....	1 00
Miss P. Waters, per Mrs A. J. Richards, South Richland.....	1 00
Frank, Henry, Eugene and Willie for New Year, Hamilton.....	1 00
Mrs Eliza E. Wells, Sangerfield.....	33
Mrs O. Schultz, Ellenville.....	50
Mrs F. A. Gray, Mrs G. W. Whitney, Mrs M. H. Hodgman, York, per T. M. Hodgman.....	1 50
Infant S. S. class in Cong. Ch., Spencertown, per S. M. Richards.....	1 00
Mrs A. M. Kirtlow, Corfu, fr't.....	1 00
Mr John Fleming, Lewiston.....	3 00
Mr Thos. Scovell, Cambria.....	2 00
Mrs O. P. Scovell, Lewiston.....	1 00
Mrs Andrews, per Mrs Dr Wells, Utica.....	75
A. F. Carman, M. and A. Carman, E. and M. Wixons, P. Ammack, S. and C. Williams 50c each, per C. W., Mecklenburg.....	4 00
Sew. Soc. in Vienna, per P. Seely, fr't.....	1 00
Mrs Nye, Port Byron.....	1 00
Friends in Binghamton, per Mrs Wm. H. Pratt.....	4 50
Mrs Ayres, of Nile.....	50
Mrs and Miss H. Foster and Mrs N. Beeves 50c each, per H. M. Clark, E. Palmyra.....	1 50
Mrs Davis, per F. Root, Pekin.....	50
Mrs S. A. Page \$1, Marshall E. G. Soc. \$2.81, per Mrs E. J. Gridley.....	3 81
Dime Contributors, per C. C. Horton, Stockbridge.....	60
Mrs L. Kellogg, Ellistown.....	50
Home Soc. in Unadilla, per Mrs L. B. Babcock, freight.....	1 00
L. North \$1, Mrs M. Bailey 50c, per A. Peck, Jewett.....	1 50
Mrs T. Baldwin, per H. W. Averill, Mt. Vernon.....	2 00
George Hamilton, a Home child \$1, Willie and Eddie Brewster his little playmates \$1 each, Mrs F. Cagwin, Mrs E. A. Peckham \$1 each, Mrs Rev J. H. Hall, Mrs N. Blackman, Mrs M. Benedict, Mrs G. Cagwin, Miss Nettie Hull, Mr W. Armitage, Mr G. Fralick 50c each, Mrs A. Foster, Mrs E. Day, Mrs O. Blair, Mrs H. Conly, Mrs W. Dodge, Mr T. Alexander, Clara and Nellie Nelson 25c each, other friends 10c each, per Mrs E. A. Peckham, Verona.....	10 70
Little Johnny and Dyke Quackenbush 50c each Hoosick.....	1 00
Mrs Wm. J. Bacon, per J. E. Warner, Utica.....	6 00
A few readers of the <i>Advocate</i> , per S. E. Saunders, Brookfield.....	1 00
Miss Lucy Brown, Coventry.....	50
Mrs G. Parker, Coventryville.....	50
Ida 75c and little Anna 25c, Fabius.....	1 00
S. D. Gardener, Prospect.....	1 00
Mrs John Gould and Miss L. Welch, Essex.....	2 00
Ladies' Benev. Soc. of Parishville, per E. S. Bur-nap, fr't.....	1 00
Mrs A. D. Heckman, Angelica, fr't.....	48
Mrs Pardee \$1, Mrs Bronson and Mrs Hill 44c each per Mrs A. Judson, Vernon.....	1 88
Rev H. C. Longyear, Ch. coll., Westkill.....	2 61
Miss S. J. Price a Christmas offer from her pupils, Lockport.....	4 00
A New Year's gift from Mr and Mrs Briggs, Cuba.....	10 00
Mrs Cox, Granby Centre.....	1 00
Thanks'g coll. in Panama, per M. Z. Hubbard.....	7 08
Monthly coll. of Presb. Soc. in Greenville, per S. B. Spees.....	10 00
Mrs J. A. Purdy, N. Norwich, per E. M. Williams.....	1 00
Two friends in New Woodstock.....	2 00
Mrs Delia VanHoozen, Hoosick, fr't.....	1 00
Sarah Tyler, Winfield.....	50
Ladies in Oxford, per O. Tuthill, fr't.....	1 00
Mrs E. Mills 50c, Minnie and Frankie Mills 25c each N. Hampton.....	1 00
Friends in New Albion, per Miss S. W. Warner.....	4 50
Mrs C. Lamson, Mrs S. L. Rawson 50c each, Mrs Dr Hunter 10, fr't, Jasper.....	1 10
Willnot, Elwood and Anna Crossman 25c each Huntington.....	75
Mrs Bridger, Sing Sing.....	25
Agnes Morrison, per T. G. Brown, E. Hamburg.....	1 00
<i>N. Y. City.</i> —Mrs H. F. Morgan.....	10 00
A. P. Strout, New Year's gift, per Mrs S. J. Good-enough.....	20 01
O. J. Hall.....	5 00
Mr Shaler.....	3 00
C. A. Abbott, a Christmas off'g.....	2 00
Mrs Cath. Brown, (dec.) per Horace Holden, Ex.....	500 00
Mrs Jonathan Sturgis, Ann. don.....	5 00
Mrs Holmes.....	1 00



John Caswell, per Mrs E. Starr.....	25 00
S. F.....	5 00
From a missionary, per M. E. Whiting.....	5 00
Mrs Irwin.....	5 00
<b>Pa.</b> —H. McClintock 75c, Le Clare King 25c, Dempseytown.....	1 00
Ladies in Mercer, per D. R. Barker, fr't.....	50
Mrs A. W. and E. J. Wright and Miss E. A. McClelland 50c each, Mrs E. J. King, Mrs E. A. Williams, Mrs J. Duff, Miss J. McGowan, Mr J. M. Nesbitt, J. Clark, J. W. and W. H. McClelland 25c each, Mrs S. E. Cooper, Mrs E. A. and A. E. Officer and M. A. McClelland 12 1-2c each, Little folks 10 and 5c each, per E. J. Wright, Mt. Jackson.....	5 00
Mrs E. J. Callender, for a friend, Meadville.....	60
A lady friend in Edinboro, per W. L. Munson.....	3 00
<b>Ohio.</b> —Juvenile Soc. in Bristolville, per C. A. Jones, fr't.....	1 36
Pennies from little pockets, coll. by Cousin Mary, per E. R. Whipple, Brunswick.....	1 00
Mrs John Day, per H. Russell, Sheffield.....	50
Friends in Hartford \$2.07, fr't \$1, per M. Wells.....	3 07
A friend in Cleveland.....	1 00
Mrs J. Colby, Defiance.....	50
Friends in Andover, per L. B. Beach.....	6 73
Mary J. Beatty, Greenfield.....	2 00
Friends in Larue, per S. D. Bates, fr't and don.....	4 90
Z. C., Geneva.....	1 00
Mrs E. B. Clark, Mrs L. Z. B. Hills \$1, Oberlin.....	2 00
Mrs E. Rossman, Windham.....	50
Mr and Mrs David Twitchell \$1 each, O. B. Orwell 20c, per Rev A. Dresser, Orwell.....	2 20
From Mary, per Mrs H. S. Tolles, Burton.....	60
Mrs C. Haskins, Middlefield.....	50
Mrs Beek, Wadsworth.....	50
East Cong. Ch. in Oberlin, per E. J. Goodrich.....	21 75
Altha, Carrie and Clayton 5c each, per Mrs J. B. Jones, Hallsville.....	15
Nath'l. Oviatt \$10, Mrs F. Oviatt \$2, Mrs Y. Hall \$1, Mrs R. Freeman, Mrs M. Hickox, Miss M. A. Coates 50c each, Mrs J. Weld 25c, per M. F. Oviatt, Richfield.....	14 75
Mrs M. C. D. Statton 50c, Mrs L. Kent, Mrs B. Jones 25c each, per E. Statton, Atwater.....	1 00
Harriet E. Strong, Thompson.....	1 00
Fem. Benev. Soc. of Canfield, fr't, per Mrs L. M. Bidwell.....	1 00
Children of Kelloggsville school, per L. M. Baker.....	54
A friend in Marion.....	38
Mrs John Brooks, Miss Mary Moore 50c each, Painesville.....	1 00
Mr and Mrs Ladd \$3, Oliver, Mary, Virginia and Carrie C. Ladd 50c each, Richmond.....	5 00
M. Ballenger (dec.) \$1, R. Cope \$2.50, J. Jones, M. J. Cook \$2 each, H. Ladd, J. Russon 50c each, per Mrs M. J. Cook, Smithfield.....	8 50
<b>Mich.</b> —Mrs Cyrus Church, Homer.....	50
Little J. D. Ellinwood 10c, Mrs E. 26c, Northville.....	36
Mrs A. C. Nash's Bible class, Ann Arbor.....	2 00
Mrs P. Warner, Lindon.....	47
L. P. Gleason, Newton.....	1 00
<b>Ill.</b> —Mrs J. J. Town, Genesee.....	50
Mary G. Nath'l L. and Louisa A. Griswold, by their father, M. Griswold, Peoria City.....	11 00
Little Allie, Vandalia.....	10
<b>Iowa.</b> —L. A. Keyes, Lewis.....	1 00
<b>Wis.</b> —Jno. Merton, Racine.....	9 00
A Taville of Waterloo and Mrs W. L. Hoskins of S. Mills 50c each, Wm. Crump 25c, per E. D. Seward, Lake Mills.....	1 25
Mrs R. Sylvester 50c, Mrs W. Bampton and Mrs Ward 37 1-2c each, Little Carrie 25c, per H. M. Lewis, Fond du Lac.....	1 50
Mrs Merrick, per W. Stoddard, Fair Play.....	1 00
<b>Canada E.</b> —Flora and Effa Holden, per Mrs B. R. Dunning, St. Armand.....	1 50
<b>INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.</b>	
<b>N. Y. City.</b> —Miss Elizabeth Wilson, per Mrs Chester.....	6 00
<b>WIDOWS' FUND.</b>	
<b>Vt.</b> —Mrs L. and Miss E. Rose of Waltham.....	1 00
<b>Mass.</b> —Mrs F. L. Curtis of Curtisville, a New Year's gift.....	5 00
<b>Conn.</b> —Widow B. C. Burt and Widow A. Shepard \$2 each, per Mrs E. N. Sexton, Canton Centre.....	4 00
<b>N. Y.</b> —Mrs D. W. Darrow, West Eaton.....	2 00
A widow lady \$1, Mrs Bourn 50c, Richmondville.....	1 50
Mrs Weara, Spencerport.....	1 00
Mrs B. Gates, per A. J. Richards, Richland.....	1 00
S. B. B., Jamestown.....	3 00
A Friend, Herkimer.....	1 00
Mrs C. W. Buttonworth, Salmon River.....	1 00
<b>Ohio.</b> —A widow in Hartford, per M. Wells.....	1 00
Mrs S. Manville, Bristolville.....	50
Rev and Mrs A. Dresser, Orwell.....	10 00
Mrs Blakeslee, Wadsworth.....	50
<b>Canada E.</b> —Mrs E. A. Fosse, St. Armand.....	1 00

## LIFE MEMBERS.

<b>N. H.</b> —Mrs Nathan Jewett of Milford, part pay't on L. M.....	3 00
<b>Conn.</b> —Mrs L. A. Alford, first payment on L. M. Collinsville.....	5 00
Mrs P. W. Carter of Waterbury full pay't on L. M. of Mrs Elizabeth Morris of Cussawago, Pa.....	10 00
Coll. in Cong. Ch. in S. Norwalk to apply on L. M. for Mrs Amanda Benedict.....	10 00
Coll. in Cong. Ch., Hanover Soc., Sprague, to apply on L. M. to be hereafter named, per Mrs M. D. Allen, Lisbon.....	6 54
<b>N. Y.</b> —Mrs O. Devereux of Preston Hollow, full payment of L. M. for Miss M. O. Sawyer of Harlemville.....	5 00
Mrs Eliza Elmore, first payment to constitute Miss Eliz. M. Tucker of North Nassau a L. M., per A. H. Tucker.....	10 00
Ladies of Cong. Ch. in Gainesville to apply on L. M. to be hereafter named, per S. M. Davis.....	2 00
Mary H. Eastman, to apply on L. M., Windsor.....	2 00
Mary Jennison, towards L. M. of Mary D. Cook of Norwich.....	5 00
On H. S. Boughton's L. M. from her grandmother, Conesville.....	1 00
Mrs Devereaux of Preston Hollow to comp't L. M. of Mrs Margaret Hess of Branchport.....	10 00
Mrs A. F. Sherwood of Millville, to apply on L. M. Mrs Rev O. N. Benton first pay't on L. M., Apacher. First pay't on L. M. for Miss Sarah Percy of Hoosick, by a friend.....	1 00
Mrs C. R. Waugh of Canton to comp't L. M. of Mrs Deborah Rogers of Washington Mills, W. F.....	2 00
<b>N. Y. City.</b> —A friend, to const Miss Isabella Courtenay of Baltimore, Md. a L. M.....	20 00
<b>N. J.</b> —Mr Job Haines of Newark, full pay't on wife's L. M.....	10 00
<b>Pa.</b> —Mrs H. D. Holmes to apply on L. M. of Miss C. E. Holmes of Falls.....	5 00
<b>Ohio.</b> —Mrs A. M. Wyett to apply on L. M., Oberlin. Mrs Nancy Stone 1st pay't to const Miss Abbie Stone and Miss Addie Winters L. M., Eagleville. Mrs M. Whiting, Mrs M. Barber \$1 each to apply on L. M., per A. L. Barber, Austenburg.....	20 00
<b>Ill.</b> —Mrs Charlotte Baldwin of Galesburg, pt. pay't to const her daughter Mrs E. Ebaugh a L. M.....	10 00
<b>Iowa.</b> —Mrs T. Hurd of Georgetown, N. Y., on L. M. of Mrs E. Lathrop of Steamboat Rock.....	5 00

## Clothing and Provisions.

Rec'd from Dec. 25th, 1861, to Jan. 10th, 1862.

<b>Me.</b> —North Berwick, a box of clothing from a few friends of the friendless, per M. W. S.....	
<b>Vt.</b> —West Brattleboro, a box of quilts and clothing from S. W. Kimball.....	
<b>Mass.</b> —Springfield and East Longmeadow, a box of clothing from the Juvenile Sewing Circle, Sixteen Acres, Mrs Loraney P. Fay, Mrs G. W. Collenden and others. S. Egremont, a package of clothing from Mrs J. A. Benjamin.....	
Lee, a bbl. of quilts, clothing, buckwheat flour, beans, pork, butter, etc., from the ladies and gentlemen of Lee, per Mrs Alonzo Bradley.....	
<b>Conn.</b> —Meriden, a box of quilts, clothing and dried fruit from the Ladies Benevolent Society. Norwich Falls, a box of clothing from a reader of the Advocate.....	
West Cornwall, a box of quilts and clothing from the Benevolent Sewing Society.....	
Easton, a bbl. of quilts, clothing and dried fruit from the Baptist Church, per J. Warren.....	
Washington, a box of quilts and clothing from the Young Ladies Sewing Society.....	
Sherman, a bbl. of vegetables and clothing from Mrs Giddings and others.....	
Guilford, a bbl. of quilts and clothing from the Sewing Society, Clapboard Hill, per Mrs E. M. Dudley.....	
<b>N. Y.</b> —Franklin, a box of clothing and one quilt made by the children of the "Bee Hive," per Mrs T. S. Potwine. Jefferson, 3 pairs stockings and 6 table holders, from Mrs Keturah Simons.....	
Harpersfield, a package of clothing from Mrs Phebe Gaylord.....	
Oxford, a box of clothing from the ladies of Oxford.....	
Wayland, a box of quilts and clothing from the ladies of Wayland and vicinity, per Rev T. Jolly.....	
Champlain, a box of quilts, clothing, pin-cushions, needle-books, toys, etc., from the young ladies and misses of Champlain Academy, also 7 aprons from Mrs Hila Dudley.....	
Utica, a box of quilts and clothing from friends.....	
Palmyra, a bbl. of quilts and clothing from the Female Guardian Society, also 1 quilt from the little girls of the Junior Department of the Palmyra Union School.....	
Coila, a bbl. of quilts, clothing, calico and unbleached muslin from a few friends, per Mrs Julia A. Gordon.....	

Alfred Centre, a box of quilts, clothing and beans from the Ladies' Benevolent Society, also a package of clothing from Mrs R. T. Rogers' S. S. Class.....	
Painted Post, 1 quilt from the teacher and pupils of the Peach Blossom Seminary, yarn from Mrs Adams and clothing from other friends, per Mrs H. Ferguson.....	
Gloversville, a box of quilts, clothing and beans from M. L. and Lillie Heacock, Mrs Avery and others.....	
Evan's Mills, a bbl. of quilts and clothing from the Ladies' Benevolent Society.....	
East Durham, a bbl. of clothing from the Ladies' Sewing Society of Durham District No. 3.....	
Parishville, a box of quilts and clothing from the Ladies' Benevolent Society, a tatting collar from Miss E. S. Burnap.....	
Howardsville, a bbl. of quilts and clothing from the Dorcas Society.....	
Rivington, a quilt and clothing from some little school-girls, per Mrs F. C. Brodhead.....	
Angelica, a box of quilts and clothing, also a crib mattress from Mrs A. B. Heckman.....	
Galen, a bbl. of provisions and clothing from a few ladies of Galen and Savannah.....	
Stockholm, a box of quilts and clothing from the Ladies' Benev. Society.....	
Rushford, a box of quilts and clothing from a few ladies of Rushford vicinity, per Esther R. Richardson.....	
Candor, a box of clothing, 1 quilt, pop-corn and nuts, from Mrs Elvira Hart, Miss Mary Potter and others, per J. B. Hart.....	
Veteran, a box of quilts, clothing and hickory nuts from a few ladies, per Mrs E. C. Crandell.....	
Hoosick Falls, a box of quilts, sheets and clothing from the Young People's Society.....	
Middletown, a box of quilts and clothing from the Female Guardian Society, a package of quilts and clothing, from the Busy Bee Society, 1 quilt from Susie Horton, a blind girl of Bethel.....	
Amity, a bbl. of quilts and clothing from the Sewing Society, per Mrs Dr H. C. Seely.....	
East Bloomfield, a bbl. of clothing, beans, cheese, etc., from a few ladies, per Mrs M. Adams.....	
Jasper, a box of quilts and clothing from Mrs Lampson and others, 1 card-basket for sales-room from Miss M. Whitmore, per Mrs S. L. Ransom.....	
South Dover, 1 tidy from Miss Susan Barnes.....	
Southampton, a package of quilts and clothing from the ladies, also children's aprons from Libbie H. Ellsworth, per Mrs Sophronia H. Burnet.....	
<b>N. Y. City.</b> —a roast turkey from Mrs Kinman. A large goose from Thorn & Marcle, W. Washington Market.....	
Books from Am. Tract Soc., Boston, per Mrs Bennett. 2 mince pies from little Eddie L. Reynolds. 10 prs. stockings from Mrs Patience Bennett.....	
A picture and a doll from Mrs Lot Jones.....	
A package of clothing from Mrs Daniel Lord.....	
A parcel of undergarments from Mrs Stoner, Deaf and Dumb Asylum.....	
A package of clothing, a Christmas offering from Mrs C. A. Abbott.....	
A candy-house for the Christmas tree from Mrs M. Post, made by little Bertha Post.....	
10 Almanacs from Wm. C. Gilman.....	
<b>N. J.</b> —Morristown, 2 bbls. potatoes, turnips and cabbages from Mrs Harris Wilson.....	
Bridgeton, a package of clothing from Mrs S. Smith.....	
Jersey City, a parcel of clothing and stockings for nursery children from Mrs Simonton.....	
<b>Pa.</b> —Mercer, 12 wagons for Home children from Mrs Mary Hanna.....	
<b>Mich.</b> —Burton, a box of quilts, clothing, dried fruit, pop-corn, etc. from Cornelia E. Frost and other friends.....	
Livonia, a bbl. of quilts, clothing and dried fruit from the Female Guardian Society.....	
<b>Ohio.</b> —Bristolville, box of quilts, clothing, beans and nuts, from the Bristol Juvenile Society, 1 quilt from Maggie E. Vernon of Burgh Hill, 5 yrs. of age.....	
Hartford, a bbl. of quilts, clothing, dried fruit and nuts from the children of Hartford.....	
Canfield, a box of quilts, clothing and nuts from Mrs Rhoda Dean and Mrs H. Kimball.....	
Windham, Crochet work for sales-room from Mrs M. Higley.....	
<b>Iowa.</b> —Cedar Rapids, Tatting for Sales-room from Hattie Kennedy.....	
<b>Ill.</b> —Leroy, a package of quilts and clothing from a few ladies, also a fancy quilt for Sales-room, and a quilt pieced by the little girls of Mrs Conkling's school.....	
<b>Unknown.</b> —a valuable box containing quilts, 2 drab-coats for boys and other clothing, with no list, and no mark upon it, but J. W. Newton & Co. on the outside. A box of quilts, clothing, sheets, pillow-cases and small box of thread and needles.....	
A box with 6 calico dresses, 1 delaine dress, 6 quilted skirts, and other articles.....	
A box of quilts, clothing, 6 cushions, a box of fancy articles, etc.....	
A bbl. containing 2 quilts, 1 comfortable, clothing, dried fruit and herbs.....	

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## ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXVII.

THE ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN is the organ of the American Female Guardian Society, and *Home for the Friendless*, and is published under the supervision of a Committee, selected from its Officers. It is issued on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has a circulation of forty-five thousand.

The object of the Paper is to aid parents in the discharge of parental obligations, to guard the young from the snares that often lie concealed in life's pathway—to befriend the friendless—to protect and guard the neglected children of our cities, and train them to virtue and usefulness—in a word, to advocate "whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report." The avails of the paper, after meeting its current expenses, are devoted solely to objects of benevolence.

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## NOTICES.

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## Aims of the Am. Female Guardian Soc.

1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pit-falls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

Wants.—The Home has been established fourteen years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 10,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses, and the pressing claims arising from its enlargement.

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I give and bequeath to the American Female Guardian Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1849, the sum of \$—, to be applied for the Benefit of the Home for the Friendless, or to other charitable uses of said Society.

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